

# THE MONTH

## A CATHOLIC MAGAZINE



NO. 499 (NEW SERIES 109) JAN., 1906

### CONTENTS

#### THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. FITZHERBERT.

*By the Rev. Herbert Thurston* 1

A PHILOSOPHY OF RELIGION ..... *By the Rev. C. Lattey* 17

GEORGE CANNING ..... *By P. A. Sillard* 30

THE DISCOVERY OF THE SUN-SPOTS.....*By the Rev. P. de Vregille* 41

A CONVERSATION ..... *By Jan de Geollac* 49

A VISIT TO ST. PATRICK'S PURGATORY.....*By C. Dease* 62

HONOUR'S GLASSY BUBBLE. A Story of three Generations and several  
Nationalities. Book IV. Chapters X.—XII.....*By E. Gerard* 72

*(Author of "A Secret Mission," "The Extermination of Love," &c., &c.)*

FLOTSAM AND JETSAM ..... 87

Science and the Origin of Life.

*Vox popularis aurae.*

Mr. Herbert Paul on Campion.

REVIEWS ..... 92

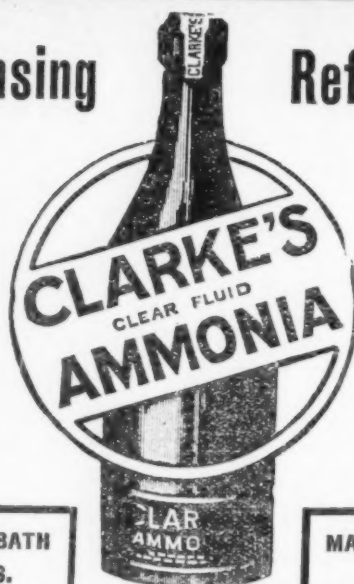
LITERARY RECORD ..... 108

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO  
LONDON & ONE SHILLING

Cleansing

Refreshing

REP<sup>d</sup>  
PINT  
6<sup>d</sup>



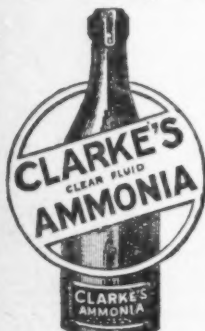
REP<sup>d</sup>  
QUART  
10<sup>1d</sup>/<sub>2</sub>

MAKES THE BATH  
LUXURIOUS.

MAKES THE HOUSE  
CLEAN.

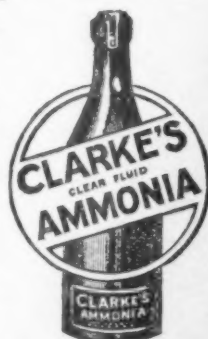
For your bath ; for your clothes ; for your curtains ; for your  
carpets ; for a great many more things at your address.

HALF THE PRICE AND  
DOUBLE THE STRENGTH OF  
Ordinary Household or Cloudy Ammonia.



Ammonia is a spirit, therefore should be clear, just as whisky, or gin, or brandy should be clear. Cloudy ammonia is to be avoided just as much as cloudy whisky, cloudy gin, or cloudy brandy. You wouldn't have the latter, you shouldn't have the former

If any difficulty be experienced in obtaining, on receipt of Post-Card we will forward name and address of nearest dealer. Sample sent on receipt of three penny stamps.



CLARKE'S, 360, OLD KENT ROAD, S.E.

[In writing to Advertisers please mention The Month.







## *The Marriage of Mrs. Fitzherbert.*<sup>1</sup>

---

To those who are attracted by the doings of Courts and who love to read of the private life of persons of exalted station, the story of the union of Mrs. Fitzherbert with the heir to the crown of Great Britain will always be a topic of exceptional interest. True, such chronicles do not represent the highest form of history. They must take a very subordinate place beside even that record of battles and treaties upon which we were brought up in the days before Mr. J. R. Green was heard of. But they at least have their value as side-lights upon questions of greater moment, and the moral interest which belongs to the faithful portraiture of any human life is not less because the person portrayed happens to be invested with the insignia of royalty.

O vanity of vanities,  
How curious the decrees of fate are,  
How very weak the very wise,  
How very small the very great are.

The story of Mrs. Fitzherbert's marriage, which Mr. W. H. Wilkins has told pleasantly enough in the two volumes before us, may be a tolerably familiar history, but it can never be called commonplace. There is no incident in the annals of England which in any way resembles it. The fact of the lady's Catholicism, the special legislation affecting the marriage contracts of heirs to the throne, the mental infirmities of the King, the pecuniary embarrassments of the Prince who before long was to become Regent, the categoric and officially-authorized denial of the marriage in Parliament—all these and many other circumstances created complications which are exceptional even in the history of morganatic unions. That Prince George of Wales did contract himself to Mrs. Fitzherbert in the presence of a clergyman and witnesses, and that this marriage was unquestion-

<sup>1</sup> *Mrs. Fitzherbert and George IV.* By W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1905.

ably valid and binding by the law of the Catholic Church Mr. Wilkins proves overwhelmingly. He has been privileged to obtain access to the papers which Mrs. Fitzherbert had preserved for her own justification, and which were long deposited at Coutts' Bank. These papers do not tell us anything which we did not know before, but they furnish documentary evidence for statements which formerly rested upon the bare assertion of Mrs. Fitzherbert, taken down in writing by her friend, Lord Stourton. The Prince's will, signed on January 10th, 1796, and printed entire,<sup>1</sup> is a very curious and unequivocal document. In it the Prince again and again refers to Maria Fitzherbert as "my wife," "my beloved wife," "my only true and real wife," and speaks of her in terms of the most tender affection.<sup>2</sup> Moreover, Mr. Wilkins, besides calling attention to the overtures made by Colonel Gardner, the Prince's private secretary, to a certain military chaplain, the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, whom he hoped to induce to perform the marriage ceremony, prints for the first time an exceedingly important letter written in 1830 by the Rev. Johnes Knight, a clergyman of high standing, to his daughter, Lady Shelley. In point of fact, Mr. Johnes Knight had not, as was commonly suspected, been the clergyman who performed the ceremony. But he had been applied to, and yielding to the urgent solicitations of the Prince, had at first consented; although, as he explains in great detail to his daughter, he subsequently recalled his promise. The letter is particularly interesting because it bears out in every particular the statements made by Mrs. Fitzherbert to Lord Stourton regarding the extreme pressure put upon her by the Prince in order to induce her to yield to his suit. We cannot resist quoting the

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I. pp. 338—343.

<sup>2</sup> We cannot help protesting strongly, on the score alike of justice and literary decorum, against the tone of a notice of Mr. Wilkins' book which appeared in our esteemed contemporary the *Saturday Review* for December 2nd. In it Mrs. Fitzherbert is styled not only "adventuress" but "concubine,"—the last word is surely quite unpardonable. Moreover the writer's unmeasured contempt for the subject of the biography has clearly extended to the biographer himself. We had thought that the brutal days of the old *Quarterlies* had passed for ever, but that illusion can no longer be maintained. It has always seemed to us a cowardly act when a reviewer avails himself of his privilege of anonymity to vent his spleen or his personal malice upon the writer of some unlucky volume, in itself neither better nor worse than a score of others which in the very same issue are treated with all indulgence. No doubt we may assume that in this case the reviewer wrote in ignorance of the state of health of the author he was scarifying. A critic who could pay off an old score upon a dying man would be dastardly indeed.

following passage, in which Mr. Johnes Knight recalls his interview with the Prince at Carlton House.

He [the Prince] began by apologizing for bringing me from Bushey Park, and then in that persuasive language he knew so well how to employ, he detailed his long love for Mrs. Fitzherbert, the misery he had endured, the taunts he had received from the King in consequence of its having been suspected that the Prince in the course of the last summer had gone from Brighton to the French coast to visit Mrs. Fitzherbert. As a proof of his passion he then drew up his shirt and showed me a scar on his side which the Prince said was caused by his falling on his sword that he might end his life with his hopeless love.<sup>1</sup> The Prince then spoke of his determination to repeal the Royal Marriage Act the instant he came to the throne (which by the bye has never yet been done). The Prince in conclusion begged me, if I was really attached to him, to perform the marriage ceremony between him and Mrs. Fitzherbert. I used every argument I could think of to dissuade him from his purpose, but the more I argued against the marriage the more resolved the Prince seemed to be to become the husband of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and at last the Prince said, "if you refuse to marry me, I must find out another clergyman who will." This vehemence of his made me apprehensive that the Prince might get some clergyman to marry him for the chance of Church preferment, and that this same divine for a larger bribe, would betray the Prince's secret to Mr. Pitt, who was then Prime Minister. This made me unable to resist the Prince's importunity and I could not bear to see him so miserable, for at the period I am writing about I esteemed the Prince, notwithstanding the difference of our rank, with all the warmth of equality in friendship.

It can readily be imagined, if such was the Prince's importunity with his friend, what would have been the ardour of his suit as addressed to the lady herself. The letter just quoted is certainly more interesting than any of the new material derived from the papers at Coutts' Bank. These documents, to which Mr. Charles Langdale (Lord Stourton's brother) was refused access half a century ago when he desired to appeal to them in refutation of certain insinuations against Mrs. Fitzherbert made in Lord Holland's memoirs, have now been transferred to the private archives at Windsor Castle. With his usual consideration His Majesty has accorded permission to Mr. Wilkins to inspect the documents and to publish from them whatever might be necessary for his purpose of vindicating the reputation of

<sup>1</sup> This was the scar which Mrs. Fitzherbert told Lord Stourton that she had frequently seen.

Mrs. Fitzherbert. Some of these documents are accordingly published in full. One is a letter from the Rev. R. Burt to the Prince of Wales written in 1791, and asking for preferment. Strange to say the letter itself is of no evidential value whatever. It makes no allusion to any service rendered by the writer, though thanks are returned to the Prince for a previous recommendation. The document, however, is endorsed on the back with the following memorandum in Mrs. Fitzherbert's own handwriting :

*The writer of this letter, the Rev. Mr. Burt, is the clergyman that performed the ceremony of marriage of H.R.H. the Prince and of Mrs. Fitzherbert.*

(Signed) MARIA FITZHERBERT.

Apart from this endorsement, the document itself, as already stated, is practically worthless. It is simply a begging appeal that any needy clergyman might have written, but it acquires some importance in virtue of the following passage in a letter from Lord Stourton to Lord Albemarle in 1837.

I do not feel satisfied that we have done everything required, till I am cognisant of the nature of the document signed 5 in our Memorandum, said to contain a Memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to a letter written by the clergyman who performed the marriage ceremony.

Of all the documentary papers, I consider this probably the most important; particularly if I am correct in the notion that this Memorandum contains Mrs. Fitzherbert's testimony that no issue arose from this marriage. At all events the clergyman's letter is in itself (particularly as the Certificate is a mutilated instrument), a valuable record in favour of our friend's reputation. I had myself, previously to this arrangement, taken the liberty to counsel Mrs. Fitzherbert to leave some evidence in her own handwriting as to the circumstances of no issue arising from this connection, and had advised it being noted with her own signature at the back of the Certificate. To this she smilingly objected on the score of delicacy, and I only state it at present in justification of my expectation that the Memorandum I have alluded to is to this effect.<sup>1</sup>

No declaration that the marriage was childless has been left by Mrs. Fitzherbert, either here or elsewhere. It is obvious that neither Lord Stourton nor his fellow-trustee, Lord Albemarle, though acting as the representatives of Mrs. Fitzherbert,

<sup>1</sup> Letter of Lord Stourton to Lord Albemarle, written April, 1837; in Langdale, p. 98.

had themselves actually inspected the documents committed to safe keeping in Coutts' Bank. But in reference to the same letter of Mr. Burt with the memorandum endorsed upon it, Mr. Wilkins prints the following note :

This document, No. 5 on the list given by Langdale, has served as a pretext for several impostors to declare that they were the children (or descendants of the children) of the illegal marriage of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert. They declared that the proofs of their paternity were to be found in the Fitzherbert papers at Coutts' Bank, more particularly in this document, and that for that reason the papers were never published. The publication of the document *in full* now is a convincing proof of the falsehood of their statements, which had not the slightest foundation in fact. Neither by her first or second marriage, nor by her third marriage with George, Prince of Wales, had Mrs. Fitzherbert any children.<sup>1</sup>

It is a little difficult to understand how Mr. Wilkins can speak so positively. No statement of Mrs. Fitzherbert's is extant to the effect that she had never had any children. Lord Stourton, as we have just seen, pressed upon her some explicit declaration, to which she, an old lady of nearly eighty, and three times married, "smilingly objected on the score of delicacy," which looks very much like a polite evasion. Certainly no offspring of the marriage was ever acknowledged, but rumour persistently said that there were children, a fact which gives point to Lord Stourton's suggestion, and renders the absence of any declaration on Mrs. Fitzherbert's part somewhat surprising. Again, Mr. Wilkins is certainly in error when he describes those who have sought to clear up the question of the possible issue of the marriage as "impostors." We are quite sure that Mr. Wilkins, had he been better acquainted with the facts of the case, would have avoided this uncomplimentary phrase. But seeing that it has been used, and that the public prints in America have for several years past made free with the names of a certain Catholic family of good position and high standing in the United States, describing them definitely as descendants of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert, it seems worth while to state the particulars here. The probabilities of such an ancestry are certainly far greater than Mr. Wilkins supposes, and the question is not in any way affected by the extracts which he publishes from the papers so long preserved in Coutts' Bank.

<sup>1</sup> Vol. I. p. 105, note.

In the year 1891 there was published in America a centenary history of Georgetown College, which is an institution of some pretensions, founded by Bishop John Carroll, the first Catholic Bishop of the United States.<sup>1</sup> Bishop Carroll (afterwards created Archbishop) had been a Jesuit in the English Colleges of St. Omers and Liège, but after the suppression of the Society of Jesus by Pope Clement XIV. in 1773, he had returned to the United States, where on account of the wealth and influence of his family, the Carrolls of Carrollton, he soon became the most prominent Catholic priest in the country. Although he was an ardent patriot, the friend of George Washington and Benjamin Franklin, he had never broken off the friendly relations which he had formed with many prominent English Catholics at St. Omers. He had been the tutor and travelling companion on the grand tour of Charles Philip, sixteenth Baron Stourton, the father of the Lord Stourton just referred to, and he was the intimate friend and adviser of the Arundells of Wardour and the Welds of Lulworth. It was, in fact, in the chapel of Lulworth Castle, the seat of Mr. Thomas Weld, brother-in-law of Mrs. Fitzherbert, that Father Carroll, coming back to England on his appointment as Bishop, received episcopal consecration on August 15th, 1790. Bishop Carroll set sail in the *Sampson* on October 9th, and arrived in Baltimore on December 7th of the same year, one of his first interests on his return being the care of the new foundation of Georgetown College, which was in a very struggling state. It is in an account of these early years that the historian of the College speaks as follows :

Bishop Carroll wrote very despondingly ; yet the College was not without pupils from the best families of the old Catholic counties of Maryland, and had some on its rolls of whom she might feel proud.

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Carroll (he became Archbishop in 1808) is recognized as virtually the founder of the Catholic Church in the United States, and he was in every way a remarkable man. After the suppression of the Society of Jesus in 1773 had left him as a young priest free to act independently, he went back to Maryland, and in February, 1776, he was appointed Commissioner, with his cousin, Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, Benjamin Franklin, and Samuel Chase, to try to secure the co-operation of the French Catholics in Canada. It was he who was unanimously selected by Congress to deliver a panegyric on Washington in February, 1800, and he again who in 1803 married Prince Jerome Bonaparte to Miss Patterson. No one of his contemporaries was more respected, and his funeral in Baltimore is described as an extraordinary spectacle attended by 20,000 people. (See, among many others, Appleton, *Dictionary of American Biography*.)

Joseph Merrick, afterwards an honoured judge in Maryland, entered in 1799; James Ord, son of George IV. and his lawful wife, Mrs. Fitzherbert, was enrolled among the students the next year.

For the important part of this statement there is no contemporary authority; that is to say, no entry in the School Register or any similar document is forthcoming to show that the James Ord, who undoubtedly began to follow the classes at Georgetown in 1800, was at that time recognized as the son of such distinguished parents. On the other hand, it seems to have been understood from the beginning that a mystery surrounded the boy's birth, and the Jesuit<sup>1</sup> masters who taught there at a later date speak of it as a "tradition" very positively affirmed by the older Fathers of the College that James Ord was the son of George IV. and Mrs. Fitzherbert. No one who realizes how easily such traditions, gratifying to collegiate or national vanity, are wont to be manufactured out of slender materials, will regard this evidence as decisive, but none the less it *may* represent testimony of the highest value. Supposing that a child had been born to Mrs. Fitzherbert and that reasons of political prudence were deemed to require that the child should be sent altogether out of the country, the mother would surely stipulate that the child should be brought up in her own faith. Now, under the circumstances supposed, who was more likely to have such a trust confided to him than a man like Bishop Carroll, and when, as afterwards happened, the boy showed an inclination for the priesthood, and decided to enter the Order to which the Bishop himself had once belonged, what more likely than that Bishop Carroll should encourage the vocation as a happy solution of a difficulty, and should make known the lad's true history in part or in full to one or other of the Religious with whom he had elected to spend his days?

When the boy, James Ord, entered Georgetown College in the year 1800 he passed as the nephew of another James Ord, whose previous history has been traced in some detail by the aid of a bundle of old papers left with his executor. James Ord the elder had been a seaman in the British Navy, and his discharge as "unserviceable, having an asthma and lame of his right knee," is dated May 19th, 1779. He lived with his mother and

<sup>1</sup> When the Society of Jesus was restored, Bishop Carroll entrusted the College to the care of the Jesuits, and they still retain the direction of it. It is a flourishing institution with University privileges.



some other members of the family, who were all Catholics, at No. 15, Green Bank, Wapping, but seems to have found employment as skipper to the cutter *Diligence*, trading with Spain, which was owned by Martinez, Martinez, and Malo, a firm of London merchants. James Ord's sister Mary, who made her home with him and his mother, had married a cousin of the same name, one Ralph Ord, and in 1786 she became the mother of a child baptized under the name of "James Ord, son of Ralph and Mary Ord," by the Rev. M. E. Coen, Catholic priest, on April 9th, 1786. The register is still in existence, and the entry has been verified. The child thus baptized *may* no doubt have been the James Ord who subsequently studied at Georgetown College, for there is no direct evidence that this child died in infancy, but in that case the mystery surrounding the parentage of James Ord the younger, a mystery which is vouched for by numerous testimonies seemingly independent<sup>1</sup> becomes quite inexplicable. It is simpler then to believe that Mary Ord's baby died young, and that the Catholic clergy having been asked to find a nurse for an infant, for whom it would be necessary to provide secretly, had recommended Mary Ord for the charge. Who was the true mother of this infant? This, perhaps, will never be known with certainty, but in view of the subsequent traditions, the mystery, the date, the religion of the foster-parents, and the migration from England which almost immediately followed, it does not seem to me unreasonable to answer—Mrs. Fitzherbert. Almost the only allusion to Mary Ord's natural or adopted child, belonging to these early days, is preserved in a letter of December, 1792, from the priest, M. E. Coen, just mentioned, to James Ord the elder, directed "to the care of Mr. John Brent, Merchant, Norfolk, Virginia." It concludes with the words, "Let me know how your sister is, and whether the child be living." "The child" might certainly refer to the son of Mary Ord whom Father Coen had himself baptized, but it would also be the most natural way of alluding to an infant who was not related by blood to the person addressed or to his sister.

Mrs. Fitzherbert, it will be remembered, was married to the Prince on December 15th, 1785. It might well have been that

<sup>1</sup> A list of the Jesuit novices, the contemporaries of James Ord the younger, is still preserved in America. In Ord's case the space intended for the date of birth is left blank, or rather, is filled by a line, showing probably that information as to date of birth was neither forthcoming nor hoped for.

before the beginning of September in the next year the need of making provision for an infant ere long to be expected had been clearly realized. Whatever be the cause, we find that on August 28th, 1786, a remarkable change came over the fortunes of the elder James Ord.

Amongst the documents he preserved in after-years occurs one which bears the following heading: "The translation of an order from his Excellency Count Florida Blanca, to the Director General of the Post Office in date of St. Alphonse (?) 28 September, 1786." From this document we learn that:

The King (of Spain's) minister in London has agreed, by my order, with Mr. James Ord, an Englishman and Catholick (the same person who came lately to the Coroyne in the capacity of captain of the cutter, *the Diligence*), to be at his Majesty's service for the time of four years.

The document goes on to give some details of Mr. Ord's future duties as Inspector of Shipping and Dockyards, and states that he is to receive a salary of £200 a year, from the 28th of August, which is the day of his signing his bargain in London.<sup>1</sup> With this agreement has also been preserved another paper addressed to Don Jeyme Ord from his Excellency Count Florida Blanca (the Spanish Prime Minister), dated a few months later (November 26th, 1786), and expressing satisfaction with his diligence. From bills and other miscellaneous papers we ascertain that at some time before January 5th, 1787, James Ord's mother and his sister Mary had joined him in Spain. They all lived together seemingly not far from Bilbao, and Ord was described as "Master Constructor of the Despatch Boats of his Catholic Majesty." Further, in a letter of December 22nd, 1789, a Spanish correspondent uses some polite phrases regarding the health of James Ord's "mother, sister, and nephew." Somewhere between September 25th, 1790, and March 8th, 1791, Mr. Ord, with his mother, sister, and nephew, sailed to America, possibly because his four years' term of service had now expired, but still more probably because the political relations between England and Spain were then becoming very strained. The

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. William Matthews, who was the intimate friend of James Ord the elder during the last years of his life, declared that James Ord believed that the appointment in Spain had been procured for him by the Duke of York. The friendship between Mrs. Fitzherbert and the Duke of York was so intimate as to be compared to that of brother and sister, as may be read in Mr. Langdale's *Memoir*.

noteworthy fact is that Bishop Carroll, who as we have seen had been consecrated Bishop at Lulworth Castle on August 15th, 1790, passed back to America at just the same period. Bishop Carroll and the Ords may quite possibly have crossed the Atlantic in the same vessel. In any case it is certain that immediately on the arrival of the Ords they were befriended by the brothers William and Robert Brent, both of whom had married sisters of Bishop Carroll. This intimate association with the Brents, in spite of the high social standing of the latter, seems to have been a lasting one. It was a John Brent who signed in 1792 the certificate of Helen Ord's death, the mother of James Ord the elder. It was William Brent, who, nearly twenty years later, was named executor in the will of the same James Ord, and it may be added that three of the children of James Ord the younger were christened, as he testifies, after different members of the Brent family.

So far we have been depending almost entirely for our information upon the bundle of miscellaneous papers left with his executor by James Ord the elder. We may now turn to a statement taken down from the lips of James Ord the younger at various epochs by his children, some of whom, as we understand, are still surviving. James Ord the younger died on January 25th, 1873, at the residence of his son, Major-General E. O. Cresap Ord, being then almost eighty-seven years of age. The greater part of the statement, however, to which we refer, was committed to writing more than twenty years earlier, when James Ord was still in the full vigour of his mental powers. James Ord's earliest recollection was of the funeral of Mary Ord, his reputed mother, who died at Norfolk, Virginia, in 1792. He was then about five or six years old.

I have often heard my uncle say [he declared], that I was brought a tender infant from England to Bilbao, Spain, and that I never saw my father or sucked the breast of my mother.

James Ord was committed for a while about the year 1799 to the care of a Mr. Notley Young. Mr. Notley Young had been a Jesuit at Liège before the Suppression, and was a friend of Bishop Carroll, with whose family he was connected by marriage. In 1800, when the little Ord entered Georgetown College, the College records show that his fees were paid not by his reputed uncle but by Mr. Notley Young. As James Ord the elder seems to have been fairly prosperous, holding the

post of Naval Constructor at Washington, and leaving some fifteen hundred dollars at the time of his death, this fact is rather remarkable. With regard to the question of his own birth, James Ord the younger tells us the following :

Although I always called James Ord, uncle, I knew that I was only his nephew by adoption. He told me this in answer to a question about my birth. I had heard my playmates discussing their birthdays, and it occurred to me that I did not know mine, so I asked my uncle the next day when we were out walking. He said : "I do not know. James, if you had your rights in England, you would be something very great. God forgive those who have wronged you !"

One or two other chance statements of this kind made an impression on the boy's mind, but the uncle, as he said, seemed to be under some vow of secrecy, and would not talk freely of his parentage. James Ord the elder strongly encouraged the idea of his nephew becoming a priest, and the boy actually entered the Jesuit Order in 1806, and was himself teaching as a young Jesuit scholastic in the same college of Georgetown at the time of his uncle's death. The old sailor was still at the Navy Yard, Washington. The young man was summoned in haste :

He recognized me [he tells us], when I arrived, and said—"James, I have something of the greatest importance to communicate to you." But in a few minutes he fell into a state of unconsciousness, and never spoke again.

Not long after this, James Ord the younger discovered that he had no vocation for the priesthood. He left the Jesuit Order to enter the United States navy, and subsequently married. Although he had never received his reputed uncle's dying message, an old priest, Father Matthews, who had been his uncle's devoted friend, seems to have been able to tell him at a later period almost as much as his uncle knew. Perhaps one of the features in the story which most inspires confidence is the frankness with which James Ord the younger records that Father Matthews informed him that his uncle did not know very much, and that he only asserted that he believed the boy's father to have been "ONE of the sons of George IV.," probably the Duke of York, because the negotiations for the child's transfer had been carried out by the Duke of York and a certain Mr. Farmer. Of Mrs. Fitzherbert, James Ord the elder seems

to have known nothing, and the idea that she was his mother seems to have come to the younger Ord either from his own reading or from Father Matthews and the Jesuits at Georgetown College. Still, it was at a comparatively early date that he arrived at this conclusion, and four years before Mrs. Fitzherbert's death James Ord addressed a letter to her asking discreetly and in guarded language whether she could give him any information as to his parentage, on the ground "that there was no person living who was better acquainted with eminent and distinguished personages than herself." The letter, of which a copy is preserved, shows that the whole argument, practically speaking, which has here been presented, was present to the mind of James Ord as early as November, 1833. No answer seems to have been returned to this communication. Whether James Ord wrote subsequently to the Duke of Wellington and Lord Stourton, and whether he was the "impostor" stigmatized, in an extant letter written by the last-named, cannot now be ascertained.

It will be seen that the credibility of James Ord's conjecture regarding his birth turns principally on the question whether the Georgetown College tradition was derived from Ord himself or whether it originated with some independent authority—*videlicet* Archbishop Carroll. The latter supposition is intrinsically possible, and even probable, for it is confirmed by Ord's positive recollection that Father Matthews<sup>1</sup> declared in 1833 "that he had heard *from other sources* that I was the son of Mrs. Fitzherbert, but that he was not at liberty to disclose his authority." It may be noted also that if James Ord had been of illegitimate birth he could not have been received into the Jesuit Order without a dispensation from the Father General. There seems to be no trace of such a dispensation, and though any note of this might easily have perished, the fact that the question as to the boy's legitimacy must have been raised at the time of his reception as a novice would readily explain how Archbishop Carroll, or Mr. Notley Young, supposing him to have been in the secret, might have

<sup>1</sup> Unfortunately, when Father Matthews was first appealed to, seemingly between 1830 and 1833, he drew up no written statement on the subject. Twenty years after, the need of such a document was felt, and Father Matthews was induced to write a sworn *affidavit*. But he himself was conscious at that time that his memory was failing, and the document in fact contains many errors and confusions. Thus he called his old friend *John* Ord instead of James Ord, and stated that he had migrated to *Portugal* instead of to Spain.

been led to make the truth known in confidence to the Jesuit Superior. These then are the grounds upon which was based the American tradition that Mrs. Fitzherbert had left issue by the Prince her husband. We have had to summarize the evidence somewhat, but this is practically the whole of the case compiled by Mrs. Ord Preston, the grand-daughter of James Ord the younger, and stated by her in a privately-printed memorandum with singular clearness and moderation. So unwilling were James Ord's representatives, at present a family of high standing in the United States, to court publicity in any way on the ground of this doubtful relationship to royalty, that we should have felt some scruple in making use of the memorandum left with the present writer some ten years ago, were it not for the regrettable phrase which Mr. Wilkins, writing in ignorance of the facts, has employed in his footnote.

Since Mrs. Ord Preston's memorandum was drawn up, one or two other items of information, unknown to her, have come to light, which seem to us distinctly to support the tradition with which she has identified herself. The first is an undesigned coincidence of a rather remarkable kind. It will be remembered that the papers preserved by James Ord the elder enable us to establish one or two dates with much accuracy. Mr. Ord's appointment as naval instructor to the Spanish Government dates from August 28th, 1786, and it seems probable that negotiations must have been carried on for a month or so previously. Now, in the middle of July, 1786, the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert went to Brighton, which though it had already found favour with the Prince, was not yet a place of great resort. He had built a modest house there, "a pleasant villa, not a royal residence," says Mr. Wilkins, which was called the "Marine Pavilion." It was then a secluded spot shut in by trees and looking out on the sea. The ostentatious edifice which now occupies the same site was an erection of later date.

In this house [we quote from Mr. Wilkins] the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert passed the summer of 1786 very quietly. The Prince entertained little, and kept no state. The wilder spirits amongst his friends were absent. Only Sheridan and a few others were there.

But there is more than this. A letter has been preserved among the *Rutland Papers*, written by the Earl of Mornington



to the Duke of Rutland from Brighton, on July 18th, 1786, in which we read :

People talk much of the Prince of Wales' reform, particularly in this spot, which he has chosen as the place of his retreat . . . Mrs. Fitzherbert is here, and they say with child.

Now Mary Ord's<sup>1</sup> own child James was baptized on April 9th, 1786. She had been married on July 4th, 1785. In January, 1787, she was with her brother at Bilbao, and there can be no doubt that the child, the future James Ord of the United States Navy, was then with her. All this fits in admirably with the supposition that Mrs. Fitzherbert, married on December 15th, 1785, might have been making arrangements for her confinement while she was living "very quietly" at Brighton during July and August, and would very probably have gone to pay a country visit to some member of her family during September or October. Her child when born would have been put out to nurse with Mary Ord, whose own baby of a few months old had probably died in the interval, and by January the child would have been safe at Bilbao with a family which was no doubt under promise never to return to England. Anyhow, they never did return to reside in England, but when compelled to quit Spain, found protectors of high position who made everything smooth for their settlement in the United States. One thing is certain. When James Ord first came to believe that he was the son of George, Prince of Wales, he had no conception how well the dates, many of them only ascertained long afterwards, would fit in with Mrs. Fitzherbert's retirement into privacy at Brighton and the rumour there current as to her condition.

Moreover, it is certainly to be noted that if Mrs. Fitzherbert had allowed the child to be taken from her and brought up in ignorance of its true parentage, the fact would explain better than anything else the very remarkable testimonies of gratitude as well as of personal esteem which Mrs. Fitzherbert received from William IV.,<sup>2</sup> and seemingly from other members of the

<sup>1</sup> Her maiden name was, of course, Ord, but she married a relative of the same name, Ralph Ord, and consequently remained still Mary Ord after her marriage.

<sup>2</sup> Shortly after the death of George IV. his successor, King William, had a private interview with Mrs. Fitzherbert, of which she gave an account to Lord Stourton a year or two later. Lord Stourton says, "Upon her placing in his (King William's) hands the documents which have been preserved in justification of her character, and especially the certificate of her marriage, and another interesting and most affecting



royal family. There is no good reason to doubt that the offer was made to create her a duchess, and that she was treated by the King with the consideration due to a sister-in-law. Without for a moment suggesting that William IV. was incapable of a disinterested tribute of respect to a lady, whom he had known intimately long before his accession to the throne, the whole situation becomes more intelligible when we remember that on the supposition that there was a child, the royal family and the Government had much cause to be grateful to the mother. No one of course would be so foolish as to suppose that any claim to the throne could have been put forward in behalf of the issue of the marriage. But the presence of a Catholic son duly recognized would have kept the question always before the country; there would have been the money to find for allowances, and Prince George at one time had even talked of repealing the Royal Marriage Act.

The second piece of information which seems to us to have an important bearing on the argument was also unknown to Mrs. Ord Preston. It is true that in answer to a letter of inquiry Mr. Basil Fitzherbert, of Swynnerton, replied to her in 1894: "It has always been thought that there *was* a child;" but the present writer a few years ago heard from a son of the late Sir Charles Clifford a much more definite and circumstantial statement than this. It appears that Lady Clifford, the widow of Sir Charles, whom many of my readers will no doubt remember, and who died at an advanced age in 1900, was well acquainted in her girlhood with the woman who had assisted Mrs. Fitzherbert during her confinements (there were two or three) in the capacity of nurse or midwife. Lady Clifford, Miss Hercy as she then was, had always taken a great interest in Mrs. Fitzherbert, and discovering that this woman had been in her service, she managed to surprise her into the admission that she knew what had become of Mrs. Fitzherbert's children. They were, it seems, always separated from her and brought up without knowledge of their origin. As for the reliability of this information, it can only be said that Lady Clifford's friends will all bear witness to the excellence of her

paper [what was this?], this amiable sovereign was moved to tears by their perusal, and expressed his surprise at so much forbearance with such documents in her possession. He asked her what amends he could make her, and offered to make her a duchess," &c. But surely long before this William IV., like all the royal family, had been quite satisfied that there *had* been a marriage. What were these new revelations?

memory for certain matters of fact and to the keen interest she always took in the details of Catholic genealogy.

In conclusion, we can only point out that Mr. Wilkins' book still leaves some shadow of mystery—a mystery we think regrettable—hanging over the papers preserved so long at Coutts' Bank. It appears from Vol. I. p. 319, and Vol II. p. 216, note, that other papers besides those mentioned in Lord Stourton's schedule were included in the packet, but Mr. Wilkins gives no explicit details. What is more, of the important letter written by the Prince on June 11th, 1799, which seems to have brought about the reconciliation with Mrs. Fitzherbert, only the following extract is quoted :

Thank God my witnesses are living, your uncle and your brother, besides Harris [Lord Malmesbury], whom I shall call upon as having been informed by me of every, even the minutest, circumstance of our marriage.

Surely the letter containing this passage must have been of sufficient importance to be printed entire.

HERBERT THURSTON.

## *A Philosophy of Religion.*

---

*Philosophia quaerit, theologia invenit, religio possidet veritatem.* So runs the old adage; and it is so plausible that it carries us away before we have fully realized to what we are assenting. The philosopher in his painful search, the theologian dealing directly with revelation, the ordinary believer who has embodied the Faith in his daily life: these rise up before us, and seem to guarantee the soundness of the saying.

And yet, whatever else the saying may mean, it surely cannot mean this, that it is either our duty or our practice first to grapple with philosophy, then, in the light of the results gained, to devote our attention to theology, and lastly, after a long course of studies, to cultivate the Faith. Rather it is the ideal of the Catholic Church that her children should from the first live her life, should lisp for their first words the sweet names of Jesus and Mary, and thereafter have Catholic belief and doctrine for the very air they breathe.

It is no less clear that, where this has been done, where, to hark back to our adage, religion is possessed, or rather, whenever a man holds the Catholic Faith, he cannot be said to study philosophy with an open mind. On all really vital points, especially if we regard the vital points in philosophy to-day, he has already attained a conclusion which he is not prepared to abandon. "Every religion," says Dr. Bigg,<sup>1</sup> "is an inarticulate philosophy." Hence, if we take his mental outfit as a whole, philosophy is for him rather an analysis than a synthesis. He is not building up a system from the ground so much as filling in broad outlines already drawn.

In saying this we have in mind the conclusions acquired only, not the method by which they have been acquired. The Catholic child, for example, holds beliefs which compel him, once he understands the matter at issue, to assert that the

<sup>1</sup> *Neoplatonism*, S. P. C. K., 1905, p. 116.

soul is immaterial. He has not yet studied psychology, but he cannot be said to come to psychology with an open mind on what is, perhaps, its most important question.

The object of science in all its departments is, not to have an open mind, but to arrive at the truth. It aims at the advance of certain knowledge. Every fact, every law ascertained marks an onward step. The more important the law or fact, the greater the progress. Ordinarily speaking, when any insist on the necessity of an open mind, it is only as a means in order to the surer discovery of the truth, that is, to prevent our closing our minds on a subject—if we ever really close our minds on a subject—prematurely. It is only when there is question of the most fundamental points of all, which affect powerfully both knowledge and conduct, that we seem to detect a change of note, it seems to be no longer the finding of the truth that is put forward as the ideal, but rather an endless groping after it, a journey without a goal, a stormy sail without hope or desire of harbour, a ploughing without a harvest. On such fundamental points the Catholic claims to have sufficient light: but the world angrily retorts that 'twere better to be in darkness. And yet, even while one is groping, the call for action is imperative, and one has to act as though one had made up one's mind all along the line.

A hard lot! Those who believe in a personal God cannot but think it most natural that He should reveal many truths which man might have attained to of himself, "because the truth about God," and about much else, "if investigated by reason," that is, by reason alone, "would come to few men, and only after a long time, and with the admixture of many errors." So St. Thomas.<sup>1</sup> The Vatican Council speaks in the same sense.<sup>2</sup> Those who cling to God's revelation think they see in those who have abandoned it the fulfilling of these words. For themselves, it is useful to "possess" these conclusions: it is so much certain ground. There is much to explore in the revelation itself; or else they can go on to other things.

The latter is doubtless the greater boon. After all, the number of those directly interested in theology or philosophy for their own sake is happily small: but a man cannot attend properly to the business of his life if he be harassed by doubts on the problems which must always remain those of the most

<sup>1</sup> *Summa*, I. I. I.

<sup>2</sup> *Const.* I. cap. i.

overwhelming importance. In the ideal state the vast majority of the citizens must "possess" the truth, not be "seeking" or even "finding" it. Nowadays, more than ever, some sort of faith is morally necessary. An impartial person, looking on the state of the modern world, would say that the average citizen, to be able to live a moral life, happy and contented, must have a hold on certain fundamental truths, independently of the latest fashion in philosophic or unphilosophic speculation. We have no intention of entering upon the theological question here, but the virtue of faith, as we know it, more than meets all needs. The growth of specialism does not lessen, but increase, the necessity of some faith. Sometimes there is vague talk about the need of forming one's own opinion about things, of taking nothing on faith, and so forth: these things are said to be characteristic of the age. Sometimes, too, the more narrowly specialized a man's studies have been, the more sweeping the generalizations in which he is prepared to indulge: and the name he has acquired from careful researches in a very minute field may overflow into his wilder work. Nevertheless, speaking generally, the amount of ground which a man can so cover as to speak with authority on what lies within it is becoming daily smaller. What then? Is a child to be brought up "unprejudiced"? But in practice little or nothing can be done for his education without giving him prejudices, for or against. Even if it were possible, to try this process is unwarrantably to assume the large majority of mankind quite wrong in their ideas on education. They would regard it as a horrible outrage to teach the child nothing but what all are agreed on, that is, nothing at all, we mean as far as the vital questions of life are concerned; and to leave it "unprejudiced" as to Christianity, Agnosticism, and so forth. And must the child solve all the problems of philosophy? But one alone is enough for a lifetime. And then go on to theology? And supposing the man has not many gifts of intellect? Must we be subjected to the erratic sway of the latest genius? And where meanwhile are we to find our butchers and bakers, engineers, mathematicians? Must they all be quite at sea on the deeper questions of life?

They need some great guiding truths to rule their belief and conduct—truths, to the attaining of which they cannot devote any large part of their lives. It is difficult to see how, in the

present distracted state of European intellect, anything much less than the Catholic Faith can meet their need. They must possess the truth; they have neither the time nor, often, the capacity to seek and find it.

But to return to our student of philosophy. Shall we deem him utterly unfit for serious work in the subject because he already "possesses" the answers to the most fundamental problems? Very many would say so, but that is because they do not understand the nature of our faith. This is the grand assumption of faith, that, however much the sciences and philosophy progress, no conclusion hurtful to itself will really be proved. To let them go their way unhindered and minimize any awkward results would be worldly wisdom, and not very heroic; the Church, in her supreme belief in herself, is far more fearless; she ruthlessly bids the specialist give up a conclusion, deeming that in so doing she is only exercising a proper care at once over him and over the rest of her children; she even believes that by turning him off a wrong track she is doing him a service, and that though she does not necessarily pretend to have even his equal in science. Those, therefore, who are ever trembling at the advance of science and criticism, are but "weakling spearsmen;" if, of course, they actually fear that the evidence will fully warrant a conclusion at real variance with the faith, they can hardly be said to have any faith at all.

There is, however, another side to the question. There is a danger that we may think that the evidence, even apart from our faith, warrants a conclusion of an historical or speculative kind, when in reality we ought to feel that we have attained to no more than a probability. We may hear loud condemnations of adversaries—there is a well-known scholastic text-book strewn liberally with *deliramenta*, *insania*, and so forth—from those who have never regarded the matter in this light as a problem. What is the true reason that there is such complete accord all along the line within the Church, and such complete chaos without? It can hardly be said that the ability is all on one side. Surely it is our very boast that it is due to the positive and negative guidance of revelation, and the care which the proper authorities take to guard that revelation. These condemnations, then, need not be very loud to ring hollow; it may easily happen that, from the very extent to which writers are dominated by Catholic environment, they may be too severe; and so, although they try earnestly to practise the

Christian law of charity, they are still examples of the saying, that to know one must love, to love one must know.

To sum up this part of our subject. Catholic practice to-day harmonizes well with the ideal of Plato and Aristotle. Children must be brought up with their emotions and all else in accord with the full truth of which they are afterwards, according to their capacity and opportunity, to have a more intellectual appreciation. We begin by making the Catholic Faith a part of ourselves, we afterwards work it out in detail, considering what we may roughly call *a posteriori* grounds of belief as well, which we believe cannot contradict those which may be said to be *a priori*.

It seems tolerably clear that those within the Church do not begin by seeking the truth in philosophy, then find it in theology, and end by possessing it in religion. It is their privilege to possess it from the outset. Does the adage, perhaps, hold of the outsider who enters the Church?

Experience is one. Such a statement may smack of modern idealism, and yet there is a sense in which it is indisputably true. It is one, because of the unity of the thinking subject: he is one, his conduct is one, the body of beliefs peculiar to him is one. And it is as upon one experience that the outsider looks upon Catholic life. Of course, he may largely agree with Catholic philosophy and even theology. But in any case it seems to be but very rarely indeed that he first of all adopts Catholic philosophy, and is then led on to Catholic theology and the Catholic religion. It is well for him that this is not the only path open to him. *Non in dialectica complacuit Deo saluum facere populum suum.* We find Pantheism or Monism, an evolving God, impossible and absurd; and yet a Pantheist or a Monist may not find our theory of creation so very obvious—a theory which holds God to be the sufficient cause of existing things and to have created them of His free-will, and yet in Himself to be from beginning to end exactly the same as He would be if He had never created, without the semblance, not merely of change, but of anything that is not in Himself by the absolute necessity of His nature. Even apart from our theology, we might perhaps find some to plead that, if we stand for common sense where they have mysteries, we have mysteries where they stand for common sense. Is it so much better to lay down common-sense axioms in department A, and reason



from them to mysteries in department B, than to lay down common-sense axioms in department B, and reason from them to mysteries in department A? We do not seriously mean to imply any real flaw in the long chain of Catholic demonstration; we only mean to suggest—what indeed is generally admitted—that anyone who should have taken this particular “road to Rome” would truly have walked hard ways.

The modern mind is said to be so frivolous that it cannot take in any idea except through the medium of a novel. Yet there is something to be said for this attitude or disposition. Without confining our attention to novels, we may say, that if we are to judge of a body of beliefs and practices, we may arrive more easily at the truth by considering it as it meets us in real life, than by plodding through an argumentative treatise. The tree is known from its fruits. A series of syllogisms can do but scant justice to the Church. After all, it can but present—to borrow a phrase from Mr. Wilfrid Ward—departmental truth. In the same spirit speaks one of the aggressively-minded Papists in that brilliant work, *By what Authority?*<sup>1</sup>: “I do judge of the general body of doctrines, and of the effect upon the soul as a whole; but that is not the same as taking each small part, and making all hang upon that.”

The true ideal of life must contain the good, the true, the beautiful, the holy, and much else, blended and interwoven with each other in a way beyond the power of language to express; in it the soul must find complete rest. Moreover, our ethical state at any time must be justifiable on its own merits with reference to that ideal, and apart from past or future.

O Christ, if there were no hereafter,  
It still were best to have followed Thee.

If we believe in the right ordering of the world, we cannot doubt that there will come a time, and that it will fall within the experience of all—we mean in the next world—when might and right, pleasure and duty, will both range themselves on the side of him who has thus far followed duty and right. But for a moral condition a warrant so extrinsic, something that will take place years later, even though beyond a doubt, cannot be enough. Taking the man at the given moment as one whole, we must see that it is better for him to be so. It is better to be as Christ in His agony than as Herod at his banquet.

<sup>1</sup> P. 348.

The moral way of proof is as certain as the way of reasoning. This Kant, Ritschl, and the rest, have rightly seen. Then only we fall into error when we suppose an antinomy between the two. What clashes with our moral nature is as false as fallacies in argument; - what satisfies it cannot be at variance with intellectual truth. That there should be such a final contradiction in things is unthinkable. *Hæc oportuit facere, et illa non prætermittere.* They are alike one-sided in their outlook who press the moral argument and either neglect or despair of the intellectual, and who pursue the latter but despise the former.

Mankind accept this ethical criterion, though often half unconsciously; and it is recklessly appealed to. There is more libel in the world than is dreamt of in the law-courts. Fiction may be the wickedest of calumnies. The reader is taken unawares; his imagination is seized, and itself runs away with his reason. In perusing a hundred pages he may have imbibed a crowd of ungrounded prejudices. And what refutation can there be, when the writer has not committed himself to anything as to truth or falsehood? The crafty Jesuit, for example, is a useful item in one's stock-in-trade — at least he is described as crafty; in the story itself he sometimes figures rather as an idiot.

We do not mean to imply, however, that God has left His Church without intellectual witness in the reading world of England to-day. On the contrary, we think it is admitted on all sides, that, considering the small numbers of the English Catholics and the mean condition of many of them, the number and ability of their writers is astonishing. To mention names is unnecessary, and might be invidious; half-a-dozen come to the mind at once. In fact, like the great Cardinal, who is in a manner the father of our new Catholic literature, the herald of its second spring, they are a living proof that the Church does not, after all, so entirely crush intellectual life out of her children. However little they have dealt with religion or religious topics, they have won the Church a more ample and sympathetic consideration outside, and so have helped her to the extraordinary position she holds in England to-day. There are few forms which the "lay apostolate" may not assume; not that this apostolate is by any means confined to laymen.

If, then, the Church is chiefly judged of from without as being a life, if it is in very fact before all a life, we may well

conclude that no small part of the guilt of those who have fallen into heresy or schism has been the refusal to lead a life. History seems to show the severance of large bodies from the Church has been due either to the adoption of theories which would themselves have affected the very foundations of her life, such as the erroneous doctrines about the Incarnation of the early heretics; or to a definite desire, usually on the part of secular rulers impatient of any limit to their despotism, to be severed from all outside communion, and chiefly from the centre of that communion, for the fulfilment of which desire doctrinal difficulties have been a mere pretext.

And seeing that we have touched upon history, that, too, has much to tell us. History and fiction are allies in the cause of truth. The one seeks to present us with facts, the other with types whose truth facts alone can test. Or rather, does not history itself attempt more than facts, and should we not call it a vast induction, issuing in a number of general propositions, which fiction exemplifies, but in a picture free from all that in actual fact so often obscures the perfect portrayal of the universal truth? Nor is the boundary line between history, fact, and fiction set deep and straight, but there is a constant intertwining of historical, ethical, literary issues: we estimate the force of fact on fiction, of fiction on fact, and so forth.

Biographies are an example of such intertwining; and Catholic biographies are of vital importance in the portrayal of the Church's life. They show a tendency to improve. It is almost irritating at times to see the "distinguished patronage" from outside bestowed upon so Catholic a saint as, say, St. Francis: yet we may trust St. Francis to do his own work. The saints present the Church's highest working ideal: the more sympathetic appreciation they meet with, the more she is understood. The latest saints are her most modern ideals, for instance, St. Vincent de Paul.

The Church stands to win on history. She is ever, indeed, the great object-lesson in the unity of history, which heresy and schism would outrage, seeking to destroy a past whose children they are, and which binds them to the Author of their Faith, Himself the divine Bond between Israel of the flesh and Israel of the spirit. But especially she stands to win in England to-day. The English, Emerson has said, lick the dust before a fact. They have been doing so before very queer

counterparts of facts. No one has depicted the lifting of the cloud so forcibly as Dom Chapman in his late reply to Dr. Gore. If our quotation be somewhat long, it is eloquent: it is from the Epilogue.<sup>1</sup>

Was it a chance that those who fought against the Church in the sixteenth century were the immoral Luther, the cruel Calvin, the blasphemous Zwingli, the adulterous Beza, the lying and cowardly Cranmer, Henry, model of husbands, the virgin Elizabeth, and such like? Was it chance that those who defended unity were men like More, and Fisher, and Pole, and Campion, and Allen, or Ignatius, and Charles Borromeo, and Philip, and Canisius? The lies of three hundred years are melting away like smoke before modern criticism, and we are beginning to know something of the men who robbed Englishmen of their faith by the use of rack and gibbet and cauldron. We know something of Foxe's martyrs now. We wish they had been kept from the stake, but we are forced to admit that most of them deserved the prison. But the white-robed army of martyrs tortured and slain by Henry and Elizabeth, and the two Charleses, is beginning to be known and respected by Protestant historians. We are learning how much we lost by the "Reformation." The crushing blow dealt to the universities, the loss of popular education throughout the country, scarcely at all made good by the scanty endowments of Edward VI., the wholesale destruction of libraries, the confiscation of the patrimony of the poor, the degradation of the clergy, the cessation of religious instruction, the beginning of vagrancy, the increase of immorality. If it had not been for the Puritans and John Wesley, there would have been little religion left in the country. Is all this chance?

We must not despise other witnesses to the life of the Church, of whatever kind, provided their witness be trustworthy. Some appear to think they are destroying Christianity when they show analogies to it in previous or independent systems: but Christianity was made for man, and so may have common features in answer to the same needs, usually in a more perfect form. It cannot be robbed of its own tremendous originality: beside the divine knowledge of man his knowledge of himself is ignorance. But what if we partake of the Flesh of our God in order to be imbued with Life from above? What if the seeming matter of our oblation be unleavened bread and wine? What if tonsure and other such details come from Isis or Mithra? Christian apologists have

<sup>1</sup> P. 123.

claimed analogies in belief as confirmation: Justin Martyr, Clement of Alexandria, and some others even speak of relics of primitive revelation among the heathen: there is a kernel of truth in heathen practice too. A book like Dr. Pfleiderer's *Early Christian Conception of Christ*, is a convenient catalogue of analogies; but why sweep away all history on the strength of them? And truly, he must be fully emancipated from the "fatal ban of historicism," who finds no difficulty in the lightning-like rapidity with which "the Christ of Faith" must on Dr. Pfleiderer's view emerge from "the Jesus of History." But that is another matter.

Of the spell cast by the life of the Church few can doubt, it is clear alike from fact and fiction; she remains the greatest spiritual force to-day. It is not easy to speak briefly on this subject without being hackneyed; and perhaps one's last feeling on the subject is, that πνευματικὰ πνευματικῶς ἀνακρίνεται, that there are depths which the stranger cannot sound. Still, how marvellous a fascination for all has the *Following of Christ*! How few can withhold a tribute of admiration to the great works of charity accomplished by nuns! True, they charge the Church with "asceticism;" and this probably means that they look upon her as the one institution which still teaches men to use their free-will, and to follow a less easy guide to life than pain and pleasure; but, on the other hand, her worship is "sensuous," and she has her "meretricious charms," so that she lays hold of man on this side too. One gathered from some of the reviews on Mr. Wilfrid Ward's excellent *Life of Aubrey de Vere*, that Aubrey de Vere, and such as he, were bound to join the Church by a very law of their being—not a fact to be lightly set aside if true! One could wish indeed that it were somewhat truer. Eusebius, in one place, speaks of the spirits of darkness as ἡ μισόκαλος πονηρὰ δύναμις,<sup>1</sup> "the evil power which hateth all that is fair." One is sometimes tempted to fear that a μισόκαλος πονηρὰ δύναμις may be at large within the Church, having come in, as the monkish saying requires, through the sanctuary. Beautiful devotions may be so interpreted as to grate upon refined tastes; buildings, pictures, and the like, may be a graver block to inquirers than a controversial reason; and we trust we shall not be held to be committing ourselves to a view upon a very difficult practical problem, if we notice the obvious fact that our popular devotions

<sup>1</sup> H. E. 2. 14.

do not show any signs of rivalling the grandeur of the Church's liturgy.

These are some signs of the Church's power over the minds of those without. We may not linger to treat the topic seriously, rather let us conclude with one tribute to her actual work in a field the most perplexing and heart-breaking of all. She is of the people and for the people; to the people she appeals, as one able and willing to meet their wants. Amid London's darkness Mr. Booth has flashed light upon a work that shall live; and our hearts are warmed, because

The ancient spirit is not dead.

Two processes of thought dispute the field of Catholic apologetics to-day. The one we may dub the syllogistic or intellectual process, the other the ethical or moral process. This rivalry is some reflection of a far more formidable debate outside the Church. But our own purpose is not to present this rivalry as one between truth and falsehood, since we believe both processes offer a demonstration of the truth which in itself is valid; nor do we even present the two processes as mutually exclusive, for they overlap. Our inquiry is rather concerned with the subjective aspect of the question. We have offered some reasons for believing that those who are born Catholics have no use for the syllogistic process, but are born into Catholic life, which they are trained to live. We have also suggested that that process does not usually answer the needs of outsiders, save as supplementing its rival. We must not too easily limit in their kind the good works which are to shine before men. A short and tentative probing of the future may confirm what has already been put forward.

"I have set before thee life and death, the blessing and the curse." So spake the Hebrew lawgiver. And we read that Christ was set for the fall and rise of many in Israel. St. Paul, too, who opened wide the gate of salvation to the nations, proclaims himself the good odour of Christ both unto death and unto life. Thus the manifestation of a greater good does not leave those who refuse to embrace it in the same position as before.

In England, as elsewhere, the middle ways are dropping out; we cannot be so very far off the time when there will be little but Catholicism on the one hand, the great assertion, the true "Positivism," and a great negation on the other. Both parties

occasionally recognize this, and combat each other directly, ignoring intermediate positions in a way which is very startling from the point of view of mere numbers. If the Church be the one extreme, what will be the programme of the other extreme? It is difficult to be sure as to what the future has in store, whether the accelerated filling of the lunatic asylums, or whether we are to be reared on principles of prize cattle, whereby anyone whose "soul is restless till it rest in Thee" will be carefully prevented from producing his like; or whether, again, we are to lose ourselves in a luminous mist of nephelomorphic philosophy. But some sort of crisis, or the beginning of a crisis, seems to be coming. Among some, "higher" and "higher" tendencies assert themselves in doctrine and practice, and preliminary attempts are being made to "swallow" even Papal Infallibility; among others, rationalism grows; and the crisis in Biblical studies, a terror only for those who believe all things necessary for salvation to be in the Scriptures alone—after the canon thereof has been set forth to their liking—has helped to abolish compromises.

In other ways, too, the need of the Church seems to be becoming more manifest; but we cannot do this subject justice here. The cry of the poor and the unemployed does not seem to be coped with efficiently, partly, no doubt, because of the increasing rates and taxes, the fleets and the penny-steamers. The cheap daily press is making Europe hysterical, and England too. Reverence, we are told, is gone, and God is going: in modern trade there is said to be no room for an honest man. And science, we gather from Sir Oliver Lodge, has, with a wistful look behind, bidden farewell to faith, and to the beautiful with it. And there is the falling birth-rate, and other symptoms of disease.

But the Catholic Church stands for "the strenuous life" against modern mediocrity, for the strong and deep life against the life that is spread out so wide as to become hopelessly shallow. Her view of chastity, of supererogation, and much else that is attacked in her, are all part of a great life that makes her the nurse of heroes, rather than of the "amiable companions" of modern tombs, the "good easy," if occasionally somewhat unctious, "man" of Protestantism. At the same time it is peace, as opposed to a restless tossing to and fro. To make strenuous effort we must know in whom, in what we have put our trust.



The "Philosophy of Religion" is a vague term. We have not tried to make it more definite. But to represent the Church adequately we must have a picture full of rich colours, and life, and loveliness. It is the negative position that is best represented by a geometrical figure.

Within view of Nazareth, on the lower ground, there is a parting of the waters. When the rains are heavy they flow in opposite directions, though in many places overlapping. Either they flow toward the Western Sea, the glorious Mediterranean, or in the end they pass into the Eastern Sea, the horrid Lake of the Dead.

C. LATTEY.

## George Canning.

---

THE recent revival of interest in certain historical personages is remarkable. Canning and Cobbett, for instance, have been the subject of more than one biography, after having lain neglected for many years. But while Cobbett did not suffer so much by reason of the works that he wrote, those works into which he threw so much of his vigorous personality, keeping his name alive, Canning, on the other hand, seems to stand more in need of the biographer's aid, although his title to remembrance is more powerful than that of the friend of humanity whose *English Grammar* and *Advice to Young Men* were but stops in the *Ego* organ sounding a note whose echo has not yet died away.

To the student of history and of literature George Canning must always be an interesting figure. "Properly speaking," says Emerson, "there is no history only biography," and the story of George Canning's life is in reality the history of Europe in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Yet it has in it much of the element of romance. For the son of a disinherited Irish country gentleman, whose mother had to go upon the stage in the early years of her widowhood to obtain a livelihood, to become Prime Minister of England in an epoch filled with great names, is in itself sufficiently remarkable; but when to this is added that he rivalled Pitt and Grattan in oratorical gifts, and the wits of the day in power of satire and epigram, we realize that he was no ordinary man, but that he was in many ways the greatest among the public men of his time.

Entering Parliament in 1794 under the *aegis* of Pitt, in less than four years he had made a reputation as an orator and a statesman; a considerable distinction in an age remarkable for men endowed with brilliant qualities. His most notable oratorical triumphs at this period were in connection with the

abolition of the slave trade, and in regard to peace with the French Directory; and fourteen years later in favour of Catholic Emancipation, to which he was all along friendly; a distinction shared by the redoubtable John Wilson Croker. It should be noted that both Canning and Croker advocated the Catholic claims when it was not a political advantage to do so. So much freedom and so many privileges do Roman Catholics now enjoy that it is not easy to realize that in those days the Sovereign wished to forbid even the mention of such a topic as the Emancipation of the Catholics from the disabilities which more enlightened opinion sought to remove.

Pitt's view was that Emancipation should be a *sine qua non* of the Act of Union, and he resigned in 1801. His resignation caused Canning to join the opposition (from the Ministerial side of the House) to the Addington Ministry, an opposition which he extended to the short-lived Grenville Ministry after Pitt's death in 1806. This Coalition Ministry, known as "All the Talents," with Lord Grenville at their head, was composed of orators wholly lacking in administrative capacity; but while incompetence may excite our scorn, giving it expression is apt to create ill-feeling. *Pericula veritati sæpe contigua*, and Canning's contemptuous criticisms and barbed shafts made him many enemies. Witty, brilliant, and humorous, it did not trouble him that he frequently disconcerted the graver members of the House. Coleridge said that before he entered Parliament Canning "should put on the ass's skin;" but Canning knew that there are always many there who do not need to put it on. He has been severely criticized for his attacks on these two Administrations; but though they savoured somewhat of the bitterness of party feeling, they were free from the truculence which characterized a later statesman's onslaughts on the repealer of the Corn Laws.

It was, however, an age of trenchant criticism with tongue and pen, and to have been allied with Gifford, as Canning was in the *Anti-Jacobin* days, was not conducive to tenderness of touch in the treatment of an opponent. The *Anti-Jacobin*, of which Canning was the ruling spirit, was described as,

standing up for the English Constitution against all foes, domestic and foreign, especially against French Republicans and their friends; for Christianity and the Church of England against innovators, free-thinkers, Dissenters, and Atheists; for common-sense against the poetry and philosophy of Erasmus Darwin; for English humour and taste

against the false and feeble sentiment, silly rodomontade, lax morality, pointless dramatic construction, and general imbecility then conceived to be characteristically German.

Canning's keen wit and stinging sarcasm were seldom seen to such advantage; and were it not so well-known as to render quotation superfluous, one would be tempted to cite some verses from the *Needy Knife-Grinder*, which so delightfully parodied Southey's sapphics, while satirizing the misguided philanthropy of the Revolutionists; but so delicious is the humour scattered through *The Rovers* that the following verses from the "song of Rogero," ridiculing things German, though not less hackneyed, irresistibly invite quotation:

Whene'er with haggard eyes I view  
 This dungeon that I'm rotting in,  
 I think of those companions true  
 Who studied with me at the U——  
                                 niversity of Gottingen,  
                                 niversity of Gottingen.

This faded form! this pallid hue!  
 This blood my veins is clotting in,  
 My years are many—they were few  
 When first I entered at the U——  
                                 niversity of Gottingen,  
                                 niversity of Gottingen.

There first for thee my passion grew,  
 Sweet, sweet Matilda Pottingen!  
 Thou wast the daughter of my Tu——  
 tor, law professor at the U——  
                                 niversity of Gottingen,  
                                 niversity of Gottingen.

Of course much of the writing in the *Anti-Jacobin* was the work of many hands—amongst others, Frere, Ellis, and Pitt—but Sir Walter Scott held that Canning alone "had that higher order of parts which we call genius;" and Edmund Burke, writing to a friend at this period, said:

Tell Mr. Canning that I am very much flattered in finding that a man of his genius and his virtue finds anything to tolerate in my feeble and belated endeavours to be useful, at a crisis of the world which calls for the efforts of a rich mind like his, in the full vigour of all his mental and of all his bodily powers.

Lord Byron in his usual impetuous way declared :

Canning is a genius, almost a universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman ; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his late predecessor, Lord C.<sup>1</sup> If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*, but *will* he? I, for one, hope so.

Great gifts frequently excite animosity in those less finely endowed, and it is not surprising therefore, that between Canning and Castlereagh, who were naturally antagonistic to each other, misunderstandings should arise, causing considerable friction. Their historic quarrel, however, arose out of Canning's criticisms on the management of the War Department, over which Castlereagh presided ; but, of course, in matters of this kind a pretext such as the conduct of the Walcheren Expedition serves as well as any other. The truth is that Castlereagh was rancorously jealous, and Canning did nothing to allay his irritation. How bitter were Castlereagh's feelings, may be apprehended from his letter to Canning, in which he wrote :

Having pronounced it unfit that I should remain charged with the conduct of the war, and made my situation as a Minister of the Crown dependent on your will and pleasure, you continued to sit in the same Cabinet with me, and leave me not only in the persuasion that I possessed your confidence and support as a colleague, but allowed me, in breach of every principle of good faith, both public and private, to originate and proceed in the execution of a new enterprise of the most arduous and important nature (the Walcheren Expedition) with your apparent concurrence and ostensible approbation. You were fully aware that, if my situation in the Government had been disclosed to me, I could not have submitted to remain one moment in office, without the entire abandonment of my private honour and public duty. You knew I was deceived, and you continued to deceive me.

Small wonder that a duel with pistols on Putney Heath should have ensued on the following morning. In the result Canning received a slight wound, and both the combatants retired from office. The loss to the country of Canning's services during thirteen momentous years—years which saw the close of the Napoleonic wars—was a grievous one. It was repaired, however, when in August, 1822, Castlereagh's tragic removal stayed Canning's departure for India, whither he was

<sup>1</sup> Castlereagh.

proceeding as Governor-General,<sup>1</sup> and left him free to take up the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs. Those were turbulent times at home and abroad, and it needed just those qualities which characterized Canning as a statesman to determine the policy and guide the destinies of a great nation at a transition period in her history. A Tory of the purest type,<sup>2</sup> his force of character and breadth of view, allied to foresight, prudence, and resolution, marked him as the greatest foreign Minister England has had since Chatham. His foreign policy was conceived and conducted with such wisdom as should have saved him from the imputation of being revolutionary; for being free from the trammels of private friendships which sometimes hampered Castlereagh, he could act with boldness where his predecessor had temporized. He restored England's reputation abroad as the friend of freedom and of national rights, and he proclaimed the principle of the non-intervention of one nation in the internal affairs of another. At home his coalition with the Whigs hastened the disruption of the old, stolid Tory party, and prepared the way for Reform in Parliament.

The history of politics is the history of cabals, and Canning had his full share of these ignoble machinations to contend with. *Confragosa in fastigium dignitatis via est.* Lord George Bentinck, who was Canning's nephew, and his private secretary for a considerable time, and therefore in a position to know, on one occasion told Peel that he had worried Canning to death. Be this as it may, it is certain that Peel's conduct needs explanation, and the prolonged castigation that he received later from the educator of the new Tory Party served as retribution. *Est viri magni, in omni fortunâ, recta, atque honesta retinere.* Heine speaks of the heroic measure by which we measure great men, and certainly when measured by this standard Peel comes very far short of Canning; but as Matthew Arnold remarked on a famous occasion, "Mediocrity is everywhere," and after all it is not absolutely essential that government should be in the hands of such a chosen few as the possession of great parts would imply. That mediocrity wears better than genius or even brilliant talents, would appear evident from the long life

<sup>1</sup> It is worthy of note that his third son, Charles John, afterwards Viscount, and later, Earl Canning, became Governor-General of India in 1856. His conduct during the Mutiny which broke out in the following year was at first described as weak, but time has vindicated him, and it is now admitted that he acted with singular courage, moderation, and judiciousness.

<sup>2</sup> A fact established by the French Revolution.

enjoyed by the Liverpool Ministry, which came to an end only through the serious illness of its chief, who has been very happily described as "the keystone rather than the capital of his own administration." That Lord Liverpool had been successful in concealing a volcano was demonstrated by the eruption of jealousies and irreconcilable opinions that burst forth as soon as his controlling influence was removed.

The futility of prognostications as to the probable duration of Ministries was strikingly illustrated in this case, and in that of Pitt's "mince-pie" Administrations, as they were sarcastically dubbed, for while it was confidently expected that each would collapse in about six months, the one lasted for close on fifteen years, and the other from 1783 to 1801. Here, of course, Pitt's personality was the important factor which the prophets overlooked, and so great an influence did it exert that he was back in power again in three years. But the most powerful spell will lose its charm, and it was fortunate for Pitt that his death before he had reached his forty-eighth year saved him from experiencing a decline of prestige. The task of Reform which he had set himself remained for others to complete, and it was not until Pitt was a quarter of a century in his grave that the Reform Act was added to the statute book. But before that was accomplished another and a more burning question had to be settled. This was Catholic Emancipation. Pitt having pledged himself to the King (whom it greatly agitated) not to bring it forward during his reign, it remained to be dealt with by his successors. Peel, in the Liverpool Cabinet, was opposed to it, as he was, indeed, to almost every step in advance. Canning, with superior sagacity, foresaw that Emancipation was inevitable, but Peel was persistent in his opposition to it, only to find when he came into power a few years later that the tide of opinion was too strong to be any longer resisted.

For a statesman Peel was singularly lacking in initiative; his notable achievements were reared on foundations laid by others. A serious failing which he had was that of outwardly opposing principles to which he had become secretly converted.<sup>1</sup> In this way he brought about his own downfall by his conduct on the Corn Law Question. It was unfortunate for him, too, that his vicissitudes of opinion seemed to proceed less from within than from without. While few first Ministers have had

<sup>1</sup> We have Bentinck's authority that this was the case with regard to Catholic Emancipation.



such great opportunities, fewer still have made such poor use of them. He was unhappy, too, in his legacy to Great Britain. The Income Tax incubus, which he told the people would oppress them for only three years, has developed into a veritable Frankenstein's monster that cannot be shaken off.

Peel's pedestrian habit of mind and vacillation were in strong contrast to the mental alertness and sincerity of Canning, who steadily ascended to the summit of political greatness. As he did so, however, he experienced small mitigation of the difficulties with which his opponents were determined to beset him. His strong character enabled him to triumph over such obstacles, and with the termination of the Liverpool Administration, Canning had the satisfaction of being the first for whom the King sent to form a new Cabinet. Most men have their secret ambitions, and the death of Canning's mother just a month before he became Prime Minister must have robbed the high honour of the chief pleasure it could have brought him.

The new Ministry was formed in April, 1827, and in less than five months Canning was dead. He died on the 8th of August, 1827, and, very appropriately, was laid to rest in Westminster Abbey, close to the burial place of his exemplar, Pitt.

His premature death, at the age of fifty-seven, affected Scott deeply. When the news reached Abbotsford he noted in his diary :

The death of the Premier is announced—George Canning, the witty, the accomplished, the ambitious—he who had toiled thirty years, and involved himself in the most harassing discussions, to attain this dizzy height; he who had held it for three months of intrigue and obloquy—and now a heap of dust, and that is all. He was an early and familiar friend of mine, through my intimacy with George Ellis. No man possessed a gayer and more playful wit in society; no one, since Pitt's time, had more commanding sarcasm in debate; in the House of Commons he was the terror of that species of orators called the Yelpers. His lash fetched away both skin and flesh, and would have penetrated the hide of a rhinoceros. . . . To me, Canning was always personally most kind.

Very early indeed Scott, with his usual sagacity, had apprehended the dangers to which Canning's political career was exposed, by the jealousy of the old Tory aristocracy on the one hand, and the insidious flatteries of Whig intriguers on the other.

The desertion of Peel and Wellington from Canning, although ostensibly on the Catholic question, was in reality a personal one :

I, for one [declared Sir Walter Scott,<sup>1</sup> who could speak with authority], I, for one, do not believe it was the question of Emancipation, or any public question, which carried them out. I believe the predominant motive in the bosom of every one of them was personal hostility to Canning, and that with more prudence, less arbitrary manners, and more attention to the feelings of his colleagues, he would have stepped *nem. con.* into the situation of Prime Minister, for which his eloquence and talent naturally point him out. They objected to the man more than the statesman, and the Duke of Wellington, more frank than the rest, almost owns that the quarrel was personal. Now, acting upon that, which was, I am convinced, the *real* ground, I cannot think the dissidents acted well and wisely. It is very possible that they might not have been able to go on with Canning ; but I think they were bound, as loyal subjects and patriots, to ascertain that continuing in the Cabinet with him as Premier was impossible, before they took a step which may change the whole policy, perhaps, eventually, the whole destiny of the realm, and lead to the prevalence of those principles which the dissidents have uniformly represented as destructive to the interests of Britain. I think they were bound to have made a trial before throwing Canning—and, alas ! both the King and the country—into the hand of the Whigs.

I cannot approve [he continued] of the late Ministers leaving the King's Councils in such a hurry. They could hardly suppose that Canning's fame, talent, and firm disposition, would be satisfied with less than the condition of Premier. . . . On the other hand, his allying himself so closely and so hastily with the party against whom he had maintained war from youth to age, seems to me . . . to argue one of two things—either that the Minister has been hoodwinked by ambition and anger, or that he looks upon the attachment of those gentlemen to the opinions which he has always opposed, as so slight, unsubstantial, and unreal, that they will not insist upon them, or any of them, provided they are gratified personally with a certain portion of the benefits of place and revenue.

This latter cynical view would be more in harmony with Canning's character, for he, as well as Scott, knew

the way of the world, which sooner or later shows that the principles of statesmen are regulated by their advance towards, or retreat from power ; and that from men who are always acting upon the emergencies of the moment, it is in vain to expect consistency. Perfect consistency we

<sup>1</sup> Letter to Lockhart, May 10th, 1827.

cannot look for—it is inconsistent with humanity. . . . My old friend Canning [wrote Sir Walter], with his talents and oratory, ought not, I think, to have leagued himself with any party, but might have awaited, well assured that the general voice must have carried him into full possession of power.

That Canning won his way to supreme power in the midst of such opposing forces is abundant proof of his strength of character and indomitable perseverance, and that he sacrificed few (if any) of his principles in what proved a fierce struggle is everlastingly to his honour. The spectacle is not uncommon of men, resolved on reaching the same goal, deliberately repudiating their former professions rather than that their design should be frustrated. *Licet ipsa vitium sit ambitio, frequenter tamen causa virtutum est*; and Canning's ambition fostered the virtues that tend towards good government. He left his impress for good on the page of history.<sup>1</sup> For Catholic Emancipation (as we have seen) he contended earnestly and unflinchingly in the face of strenuous opposition; he helped to make the criminal law a code worthy of a civilized community; by mitigating the protective-prohibitive system he promoted commerce, and prepared the way for the Repeal of the Corn Laws; and he was the first to recognize the free States of South America, "calling," as he phrased it, "a New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." That those who opposed him, and did their utmost to thwart him, had eventually to give effect to his views, and carry out his policy almost on his lines, proved the nemesis of unrestrained indulgence in factious opposition.

A great statesman, Canning had a fascinating personality, which makes us regret that we do not know more of his *vie intime*. The "lives" that have been published do not tell us much on this side. The glimpses that we get of him in the memoirs of his contemporaries show him to have had those qualities which arouse interest and command respect; while the lighter side of his character won for him the favour of those who delight in wit and brilliancy. *Soignez les femmes* was the good advice given by Napoleon to a certain diplomatist,

<sup>1</sup> "I was bred," said Gladstone, "under the shadow of the great name of Canning; every influence connected with that name governed the politics of my childhood and of my youth; with Canning, I rejoiced in the removal of religious disabilities, and in the character which he gave to our policy abroad; with Canning, I rejoiced in the opening he made towards the establishment of free commercial interchanges between nations."

and we know that Canning, in his own case, appreciated its wisdom. In circles so different as those represented by a woman of the world like Lady Granville (who did not conceal her grief at his death), and Harriet Martineau (who wrote of him with feeling), Canning possessed the friendship of women whom it honours a man to know. Pitt, when on his death-bed, declared that he took comfort from the innocence of his life, and, similarly, Canning was above reproach.

For the explanation of the animosity manifested towards him we must turn to his writings and his speeches. To make a jest and an enemy was a dual performance fatally easy to Canning. It was here that the Celtic strain manifested itself. In the early days, Pitt experienced no little difficulty in restraining this Rupert of debate, and inducing him to curb his flights of fancy. He had no desire to assume the portentous gravity which to shallow minds is indicative of wisdom, so he laughed openly at the blundering incompetency of Ministers whose talents were not of the first order, truth adding keenness to the edge of his criticism. Addington, whose father was a physician, had to endure allusions to "the doctor and his gallipots," and jingling sarcasms like :

'Twere best, no doubt, the truth to tell,  
But still, good soul, he means so well.

This was flippant, to be sure ; but then his flippancy was only on the surface, concealing the deeper currents of an earnest, somewhat sensitive nature.

This side of his character was strikingly shown on two occasions—in reply to a wanton vote of censure, and when he almost accepted a peerage that he might reply to a virulent attack made upon him in the House of Lords.

*Pectus est quod disertos facit et vis mentis*, and Canning was a master of polished eloquence. On great occasions his oratory was of the highest order, combining with perfect power of expression, acuteness, cogency, trenchant wit, incisive logic, and brilliant rhetoric. While not so overwhelming as Burke, or as winning as Fox, he had something of the imposing character of Pitt, and although some would place him above that statesman, perhaps in the art of persuasion he ranks below him. Like Pitt he towered over all his contemporaries. He had an essential grasp of the true doctrine that really governs politics, and being of the great "Middle Class," he

thoroughly comprehended the needs of the people. That is why Byron, who had more knowledge of men than is commonly supposed, declared, "If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*, but *will* he?" He saved England from enemies abroad, and although his special gifts found their best exercise in the direction of foreign affairs, he would have accomplished more at home had he had the loyal support which high-minded men would have accorded him; but though for a time he was able to override the combinations of politicians, they eventually overwhelmed him.

As with all great characters, there were contradictory elements in his nature, and the warring of these accounts for the apparent inconsistency of some of his actions. While circumstances may sometimes be moulded to our will, it is not always prudent to force conditions beyond what they will spontaneously bear. Had he been patient earlier, he would have triumphed in the end; but he was not of those who win by waiting. Looked back upon, Canning's figure looms large, almost grand. And when we consider that his period of real power was brief, the mark he has made in history attests his true greatness. His statesmanship was worthy of the great nation to which his life was devoted.

P. A. SILLARD.

## *The Discovery of the Sun-spots.*

---

It is a matter of experience that the same discovery can be made at different times, in different places, by different persons perfectly unknown to each other and without any intercommunication. This could be properly said of the sun-spots, not less than eight observers, in the space of twenty years, having claimed, more or less rightly, the honour of discovering them. As these curious phenomena are, at present, so generally talked of by all scientific men, it may be not without interest to pass in review the first observations which were made of them, and the first ideas which those observations suggested.

The priority in the discovery of the sun-spots belongs in all probability to the illustrious John Kepler (1571—1630). It was in 1609 that the great astronomer stated the first and the second of the laws which made his name famous, in a book entitled: *Astronomia nova αιτιολόγητος, seu physica coelestis tradita commentariis de motibus Stellae Martis* (Pragae), where he expressed much more accurate views than any of his predecessors on the gravitation and the attraction of bodies, but in which he did not go so far as to find that the revolution of the planets round the sun was an effect of gravity. In order to explain that revolution, he supposed that it was produced by the magnetic power of the sun, and chiefly by its rotation on its own axis. Only a genius could suppose this rotation before it was shown by the discovery of the spots; but, unfortunately, Kepler, later on, gave up that hypothesis, and in his subsequent writings, *Epitome Astronomiae Copernicanae*,<sup>1</sup> and *Harmonices mundi Libri V.*,<sup>2</sup> the only cause he suggests is magnetic power. It is, however, very wonderful that Kepler, without suspecting it at all, observed this solar rotation

<sup>1</sup> Lincii, 1618.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* 1619.

which he supposed to be a mere possibility. In the year 1607, May the 28th (new style), the telescope being not yet invented, he found a spot on the sun's surface and got a clear idea of the movement of this spot, but, by a mistake, he fancied it was the planet Mercury, at that time, as everybody knows, very imperfectly connected with human observation. More than one astronomer, afterwards, was to be misled just in the same way and to mistake the spots for new planets; but to Kepler belongs, without any doubt, the honour of being the first of all actually to notice the phenomenon.

Both Scheiner, in his *Rosa Ursina*,<sup>1</sup> and Montucla, in his *History of Mathematics*,<sup>2</sup> record indeed some earlier and very curious observations of the sun-spots; but these are of no great value, some of them appearing to have been observations of Mercury, and the rest mere fancies of excited minds.

Now, two names must be mentioned, which it would be very improper to separate; we mean Galileo and Scheiner.

Father *Christopher Scheiner* (1575—1650) was a German Jesuit and a teacher of physics at the University of Ingolstadt in 1611; his numerous and clever works on optics and astronomy make an interesting transition from those of Kepler, his fellow-countryman, to those of Galileo, his most illustrious contemporary. Scheiner was especially a great devotee of the telescope, bad and unwieldy as this instrument was at that time. So, one day in March, 1611, when he had mounted the tower of the church of the University, with Father J. B. Cysatus, one of his brethren, and a man illustrious for his astronomical science, and they were working together at the telescope, Scheiner suddenly mentioned that he saw spots on the solar surface. The observers did not at once attach any great importance to the fact, supposing it was something fortuitous; but after a while, Scheiner made up his mind to resume his observations with more care. At first he had no other means of veiling the brightness of the sun than to catch it when it was concealed behind a light cloud, and the telescope he used at the time was only the Dutch telescope, with a convex objective-lens and a concave ocular or eye-piece, an instrument of which the most defective point was the narrowness of the field of vision; but he soon conceived the idea of making the lenses of stained glass, and as he found that this method was not very practical, he adopted the plan, since generally adopted, of putting stained

<sup>1</sup> P. 609.

<sup>2</sup> T. iii.



flat glasses in front of the ordinary lenses ; these were blue in the beginning. To Scheiner, therefore, are we indebted for this useful improvement which had been theoretically proposed seventy years before by Apian in his *Astronomicum Caesareum* (Ingolstadt, 1540), and about which we may add that Galileo would have preserved his sight longer if he had made use of it.<sup>1</sup>

In the month of October, the Jesuit was again working at the telescope, when, for the second time, he saw spots on the solar surface, and showed them to some Fathers of the college ; and, thenceforth, convinced of the reality of the phenomenon, he determined to make it known to the public. But Father Busée, then Scheiner's Superior, did not allow him to publish the discovery in his own name, for fear of ridicule, if the fact was not true ; and he advised him to be prudent and to delay the publication of a book which would be in contradiction with all the notions then accepted.

Censuerunt superiores mei [says Scheiner himself], procedendum esse caute et pedetentim, donec phaenomenum, ipsa aliorum quoque experientia accedente, corroboraretur, neque a tritis philosophorum semitis, sine evidentia contraria recedendum.<sup>2</sup>

These trite paths alluded evidently to the well-known doctrine of Aristotle, according to which the sun must be considered as formed of the purest fire.

In order to try the ground, Scheiner described his discovery in three letters which he addressed to the learned mayor or burgomaster of Augsburg, Mark Welser, under the borrowed name of *Apelles latens post tabulam* ; these letters, afterwards published, were dated November the 12th, December the 19th and 26th, 1611. Scheiner, we must confess, was rather inclined to consider the spots as opaque bodies or as small planets turning round the sun ; meanwhile, from their movement he draws the conclusion of the sun's rotation on its axis, noticing that these small bodies, if not on the solar surface, at least must be very close to it.

As Welser was well acquainted with Galileo and in scientific relation with the great man, he did not hesitate to send him Scheiner's letters on January the 5th, 1612, and asked his opinion

<sup>1</sup> See von Humboldt, *Cosmos*, iii. p. 383.

<sup>2</sup> *Rosa Ursina*, lib. ii. ch. 2.

about the alleged discovery.<sup>1</sup> On May the 4th, August the 14th, and December the 1st, of the same year, Galileo answered that he had already seen these spots and that he had shown them to some of his friends in October, 1610.<sup>2</sup> He thus claimed priority in the discovery, though without adducing any evidence in proof of the claim; nevertheless he did say, very definitely, that the supposed spots were really spots, situated on the solar surface itself. The letters of Galileo made Scheiner very anxious, and he resumed his observations in great haste but with due regard to accuracy.

In order to secure the details of the phenomenon, he formed a corps of observers, all of them Jesuits, with the task of noticing separately every change in the sun: these were Father Cysatus first at Ingolstadt and afterwards in other places, Father Chrysostom Gall at Lisbon, Father George Schönberger at Freiberg, Father Joseph Biancani at Parma, Father Caspar Ruess in the West Indies, Father Charles Malapert in Belgium, and others. Scheiner collected the various reports, and put them in order. But this work did not prevent him from improving his optical instruments. It was during this time that he carried out Kepler's idea, and constructed what we now call the astronomical telescope. In this instrument, both the objective and the eye-piece are of the double convex type: thus is the field of vision much enlarged, and the observer's eye does not need to be too near the eye-piece, a very troublesome necessity in the Dutch telescope. Scheiner gives an account of his invention in his magnificent book *Rosa Ursina*,<sup>3</sup> a work on the sun dedicated to Prince Paul Orsini. He there says that, thirteen years before, he was able, with such a telescope, to show the solar spots to the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, and a short time after, to the Emperor himself. We learn from this that the first astronomical telescope was built in 1613 or 1617, for the thirteen years must be counted back from 1626 or 1630, the two dates of printing mentioned in the book.

<sup>1</sup> Welser wrote four letters on the subject; they can be found in the *Opere di Galilei*, iii. pp. 379, 399, 424, 459. The letters from Galileo to Welser are *Ibid.* iii. pp. 381, 400, 501. All these letters were printed for the first time in 1612.

<sup>2</sup> Poggendorff (*History of Physics*) says that Galileo saw the spots at Pisa, where he was a teacher of mathematics; but Galileo himself in his letters says that he first saw them at Rome, where he showed them to prelates, his friends.

<sup>3</sup> *Rosa Ursina sive sol ex admirando facularum et macularum suarum Phaenomeno varius.* (Bracciano, 1626—1630.)

Scheiner [says Poggendorff in his *History of Physics*],<sup>1</sup> used the telescope in a way very suitable for the study of the sun-spots. He pulled out the eye-piece a little more than would have been convenient for ocular vision; then, putting it in a dark-room, he directed the telescope to the sun and received the image formed behind the eye-piece on a white board or a piece of paper. True enough, this image was not so sharp as it would have been if directly seen through the glasses, but by this device, it had this great advantage that the image could be easily examined at the same time by more than one observer and without too great fatigue. This apparatus Scheiner named *helioscope*, and he had a right to do so, as he, for the first time, found its practical use. But we must not forget that Kepler had already given the theory of the instrument in the 88th proposition of his *Dioptric*.<sup>2</sup>

Here it is to be remarked that the instrument with which Scheiner made even his last observations, in about 1625—1630, could not have been an excellent one; the object glass was very small, and neither achromatic nor well polished. He often speaks of its extraordinary power. That was probably because he happened to know of nothing better. However, he was the first to invent the artifice of diaphragming the objective, and he knew of the existence of distortion. The most important result of his researches is the determination of the elements of the solar rotation, that is to say, the inclination of its axis to the ecliptic, the longitude of the ascending node, and the periodic time of the rotation. His claim to these discoveries is not now contested. With this telescope Scheiner established so many and such delicate facts that, before the discovery of spectroscopy and photography, solar researches had scarcely yielded anything that was not already to be found in Scheiner's observations. The astronomer Winecke only gives him his due when he says:<sup>3</sup> "In his *Rosa Ursina* truths are established that have been forgotten, because the earlier observer was wantonly set aside, and the same had to be discovered anew not long ago." We may briefly indicate some of the most important of them. Granulation was already known to Scheiner, no less than the veiled spots. Although he does not use the term, which

<sup>1</sup> P. 117.

<sup>2</sup> On this see: Wilde, *Gesch. d. Optik*, i. p. 170. We must observe that the name of helioscope was given by Scheiner to any instrument fit for observing the sun, for instance to his dark-glasses, so that he does not restrict the name to the apparatus here described.

<sup>3</sup> *Vierteljahresschrift d. Ast. Geschichte*, 1878.

then did not exist, his description of these phenomena is so clear and unmistakable that no doubt is possible about the matter. He had very thoroughly examined the formation and dissolution of the spots, and he treats in a masterly way the question which even to-day is much discussed, whether the spots are depressions. He proves himself possessed of a knowledge which was very advanced for that time, inasmuch as he establishes the proper motion of the spots in longitude and latitude, no less than the frequently eccentric position of the penumbra, and the more exuberant and solid development of the spots and *faculae* on the sun's preceding limb. The word *faculae* comes from him. He had formed ideas about the physical constitution of the sun very like those of to-day, and he even surmised that the interior of the sun, the nucleus, or kernel, had a rotational velocity different from that of the outer shell.<sup>1</sup>

Father Scheiner made more than two thousand observations on the solar spots; many of them, with drawings, are inserted in his book; he is worthy then of more glory than if he had simply discovered them. Therefore, it is not without reason that in 1899 the *Historischer Verein* had a memorial plate put in the Ingolstadt Hospital, the place where Scheiner made his first observations in 1611.

The astronomer who, with Galileo and Scheiner, has the best right to claim the discovery of the sun-spots is *John Fabricius* (1564—1617).<sup>2</sup> He gave an account of his observations in a book entitled *De maculis in Sole observatis et apparente earum conversione cum sole narratio* (Wittemberg, 1611), but he does not mention the date at which he made them. According to some indications he gives by the way, they can be placed at the end of the year 1610.<sup>3</sup> As, at that time, the observations of Galileo were probably not known in Germany, we have no more reason for denying to Fabricius the authenticity of his discovery than we have in the case of Scheiner. Fabricius observed the sun with a Dutch telescope. In the beginning he used no screen, his eyes having been,

<sup>1</sup> From *Die Jesuiten des 17 und 18 Jahrhunderts und ihr Verhältniss zur Astronomie*, by J. Schreiber, S.J. (*Natur und Offenbarung*, vol. 49, 1903.) See also *P. Christophe Scheiner, S.J., und seine Sonnenbeobachtungen*, by the same (*Ibid.* vol. 48), and Montucla's *History of Mathematics*.

<sup>2</sup> See Poggendorff (*loc. cit.* p. 119). Montucla, vol. iii.

<sup>3</sup> Humboldt, *Cosmos*, ii. 360. Fischer, *Gesch. d. Physik*. i. 116.

little by little, accustomed to the brightness of the light ; but he afterwards carried on his observations in a dark room, into which he admitted just a ray of sunlight by a small aperture.

An English astronomer, named *Harriott* (1560—1621), born at Oxford, and a friend of Kepler, is also said to have been the first observer of the spots, or at least one of the first. He did not leave any printed observations, but Baron von Zach, who, in 1788, had occasion to examine his manuscript, says that Harriott saw the spots for the first time on December the 8th, 1610, and made on the subject a great number of observations. But if Harriott saw something, he did not guess what that something was, for he did not recognize the value of his discovery, nor did he let it be known to the public until December, 1611.

Two other names must be quoted referring to the subject ; the one of *John Tarde*, a Canon of the town of Sarlat, in the south of France, who published in Paris, in 1620, his *Sidera borbonia, falso maculae solis nuncupata*.<sup>1</sup> As these words show, the Canon did not admit the existence of the spots, but thought they were small planets, which he very courteously dedicated to the Bourbon family.

So, also, thought the Flemish Jesuit, *Charles Malapert*, referred to above, who in 1627 published his *Sidera austriaca periheliaca*, in which the suzerainty of the supposed planets is attributed to the imperial family of Austria.

Fortunately the error did not catch on. The illustrious *Peter Gassendi*,<sup>2</sup> who from 1620 to 1638 observed the solar spots, knew their true nature. He kept no record of his observations, unfortunately, until 1633. A letter to his friend Peiresc, in 1626, contains nothing but general views and abstract considerations ; but in his *Commentarii de rebus caelestibus* (vol. iv. of his works), can be found observations on the solar spots, especially on the minimum period of 1634. Gassendi observed the phenomenon by its projection on a screen, the diameter of which he had divided into one hundred and twenty equal parts ; then, to measure the dimensions of a projected spot, he compared it to those divisions, and as the sun had on his screen a mean diameter of 32' or 1920", each of the divisions equalled about 16".

<sup>1</sup> See Fischer, *Gesch. d. Physik*, i. 121.

<sup>2</sup> See *Bulletin de la Soc. Astron. de France* (Mai, 1904.)

To conclude this brief account, we must regret that no more observations were preserved to us of these ancient astronomers, for, as Gassendi said, in the Preface to his *Commentarii*: "Astronomical phenomena are tied to Time; they cannot be observed more than once; and so much the more precious are they, because, as soon as they have occurred, all eternity must pass away without their coming into being again."

P. DE VREGILLE.

## *A Conversation.*

---

Thoughts hardly to be packed  
Into a narrow act,  
Fancies that broke through language and escaped;  
All I could never be,  
All men ignored in me  
This was I worth to God whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

---

"It's about time for you to tell me what *you* made of 'em," said Arthur Trenacre, with acerbity.

The two cousins were spending their Easter vacation abroad together, as usual. Only this year they had made their centre with their aunt, Lady Trenacre, at Mentone; and April was already far advanced before they set off by sea for Genoa, intending to walk the return journey to her villa. However, as they meant to avoid the shore, they trained back as far as Savona, and only thence did they start their tramp, striking daily inland up one of the many valleys, and dropping down every evening to find a bed in one of those Riviera townlets whose cosmopolitan anomalies and spurious fashionabilities they both equally loathed.

To-day they had walked westward from Taggia for a mile or two, and had then turned into the broad valley of Bussana; and that night they were to make Bordighera, about eight miles beyond San Remo. So they had risen early, for the mountain road was a long one, and the April sun was already growing hot to a noon-tide traveller. As yet, however, it had not even risen, and all the wide valley was tinted grey on grey. Here and there, clumps of cypresses showed a dead black. Only, the eastern hill-line stood out like an ebony fret-work against a sky of a curious dull red; and over the triangular patch of sea behind the men was spread an opaque but wonderfully luminous blue, like a dim and clouded sapphire. The whole air was really full of daylight. Still, it was quite suddenly that the sun came. Abruptly, as they climbed the tiny rock stair-ways of the western terraces, they saw that over sky and sea had floated a film of delicate



gold, through which the heavens glowed, far withdrawn, with a deep and solemn blue: the sea, already left beneath them, showed a dusky violet within the translucent sun-gold, like the bloom on some ripe fruit: its wrinkled surface was alive with that elusive forward motion which is alone discernible from the heights. Above them, the topmost ridge stood out, a dull gold with sombre purple foldings, shadowed too, in patches, by the bronzen gloom of trees indistinguishable, as yet, in the scarcely gathered light. Only, very far off, closing in the valley, floated a miracle of pure and perfected glory, where snow-clad crests hung breathlessly in a crystal heaven of their own. Very gradually the light crept down; leaping suddenly at times, however, from terrace to terrace, growing always in intensity, and lingering here and there in peach-trees massed with blossom, kindling the delicate petals into a puff, it would seem, of luminous and intensely pink vapour. The flowers trembled and throbbed like the fire which mankind of yore had fancied itself to be a flower; and it was, in fact, these patches of misty glory that lit up the repressed colouring of their background, where the pale gold of the early sun lost itself among the grey olives, or slid darkly off the polished leafage of the orange-groves, or quivered intermittently through the long grass in orchards, or drew a jewelled web over dark clumps of dew-drenched violets.

In this solemn purity of dawn, God seemed to have left far less between Himself and His creatures than would be found there later, when the fevered breath of day should have spoilt the atmosphere. And conscious, in their measure, of nature's worship, the two friends walked on, for a long while, in silence. It was probably in moments such as these that the religious sense recovered itself not a little in their minds; that curious and wholly modern sense of reverence towards a God dimly descried at best, and towards a self immeshed, it would seem, in a social system largely composed of fighting and frivolity, to which, however, it was no less a duty than a necessity to conform. And this strangely religious mixture of duties and taboos—all that school and university-life had either left or given to them—maintained itself with unusual vigour in the minds of these two men; but though it profoundly modified their conduct, and interested the intellects of both alike in modern religious phases, and even in ancient faiths, yet certainly hours like these of keen sunrise brought with them a

strong access of religious emotion—of “recollection,” as it were—of the sense of that “presence of God,” realized so long ago when at the very birth of religion, the Creator had been known to walk in His garden through solemn evening sunlight as full of pity and forgiveness as the morning’s had been of purity and promise.

So they walked on in silence till they had left cultivation behind them, had passed beyond the zone of almonds and peaches, of wilderness-gardens where the air was heavy with hyacinth and rose. From their exposed position, the valley lay open to their view; Bussana, earthquake-wrecked, and the new village hard by; villages, too, beyond and beyond it, each with its campanile, pale against the pine-woods; on the next westward spur, the *Madonna della Guardia*, a white square spired with its black cypresses; and behind it, the vast expanse of sea, which had by now fully flamed into the intense azures and purples and greens of daylight.

With the dawn, the mood had passed. They produced bread and chocolate, and munched it as they started up the topmost barren ridge that closes in the strip of exuberant palm-grown Riviera: and with the daylight, too, had come the talk of every day, and the time passed quickly until they dropped down, at the head of the long valley hurrying away to San Remo, upon a little church.

The cousins entered, grateful for rest and shade, and were interested to find that they had unexpectedly come upon one of the many communities of exiled French Religious who had here crossed the frontier. Indeed, the ceremony of a religious profession was proceeding; a novice was lying prostrate before the altar, soon to arise a black-robe like the rest who lined the choir. While the singing proceeded, without any indication that it need ever come to an end, the Englishmen had ample time to examine the chapel. It was apparently dedicated to San Raffaele, for above the high-altar the poor plaster wall supported a large picture of the Archangel, in a pink dress and violet wings. At his side stood Tobias, clad in green, while there dangled from his left wrist a large blue fish. The altar was built of cheap marbles, and was draped with patterned muslin. Above it, a glory of gilt wooden rays spread divergent like a fan; and on it stood a quantity of tapers, leaning at different angles, with flames that fluttered apologetically in the sunlight. At the organ sat a novice, face and attitude expres-

sive of a profound discomfort ; while to his strains responded the four rows of Religious in the stalls, singing often out of tune and usually out of time. Altogether it seemed impossible to account for the unmistakable impression of awe and reverence, of the resistless and rapid progress of some high undertaking which flooded the being of the two strangers in the intervals of their critical annoyance.

"Those candles," said Arthur, suddenly, "are making me sea-sick. I'm going to go and put them straight."

"Idiot ! " whispered Hugh Ecclesleigh ; "it's just the end. Besides, they're symbolic. Human intellect, don't you know ; bit crooked ; gives light all the same."

Arthur resigned himself, until the service concluded with a solemn Benediction, the rough and reticent Gregorian ceding to a modern music which suddenly reminded him, to his disgust, of a picnic in which he had shared, between the paws of the Sphinx. He said so, and walked out abruptly, followed by the more patient Hugh. But despite his flippancy, he remarked nothing more until they had walked a good ten minutes in the direction of San Romolo. It was then that he had inquired of his companion what he had made of the monks.

"Those fellows sing," said Hugh, thoughtfully, "as if they had got hold of something."

They paused again, as they recalled the strange, harsh music, so often to be heard from the choirs of monasteries. They had recognized in it, by now, the voice of men who seemed deliberately to be hurting themselves ; a sacrifice was implied both in the life left, and in the life assumed ; and yet this latter would appear to contain precisely those new pleasures and liberties which were to sanction the rejection of the earlier activities and experiences. And they even fancied that witness was borne to this fact by a certain satisfaction that underlay the very familiarity with which the older men went about the ceremonies, no less than by a something of excited astonishment in the nervous and unmusical chanting of the novices, as of explorers setting out on a splendid and dangerous journey through a wonderful land with a home beyond it.

"The boss looked a fine old boy," said Hugh. "Dignified and all that. Pity they don't shave better."

"Probably it's a rough life all round," answered Arthur ; "and when you sleep on boards and live on water and three beans a day, probably you forget to look after cleaning your

nails and so on. I wonder what your mind's like when you're so hard on your body."

Hugh shrugged his shoulders.

"I expect the roughness runs through the whole business," said he. "It's in their singing and it's in their looks, and I expect it's in their way of managing their thoughts too."

"It's the austerity that makes the difference : there's no doubt about that. It's the same with all those fellows. Do you remember Parkminster, and the night-office of the monks there? Made me think of the Klondykers, somehow, in the *Magnetic North*. Men ; that's it. Dead men, I thought, at first. But it's only one part of them that's dead ; and the rest's tremendously alive! After all, you do want a strain of bitter, all along the line, to keep the sweet from cloying. It's the brick gate-ways, and the Signoria, and even that band of naked brick on the Duomo-cupola, that save Florence from the lusciousness of the vineyards and the lilies of the Cathedral ; it's Grieg *versus* Gounod. In fact," he added, conscious that the situation required a touch of bathos ; "it proves up to the hilt that you ought to prefer marmalade to jam at breakfast."

"Do you know, old chap," said Hugh, gently, "you're talking awful rot. Do dry up. Besides, no one wants to eat marmalade at tea. So it's all an affair of place and time."

"Not marmalade ; of course not. But you do begin with caviare sandwiches ; and you sprinkle salt on your tea-cakes. So the principle's proved, you see. You can't stand nothing but sweets."

"Certainly," observed Hugh, generously, "I once glanced at some French devotional books of Aunt Susan, and I felt I wanted a dose of quinine to settle my stomach after them. They were like that sermon we heard at Nimes on that young Saint, I forget who. 'Contemplons donc cet aimable enfant!' he quoted : 'qu'il est candide! qu'il est pieux! son visage est plus doux que le miel.' Paff!"

"Well," said Arthur, "you have it in any scenery you really like, so one's got Nature with one. You want some straight lines of broken rocks, or a flinty road with ruts, to virilize the round, soft country. You want twisted trunks and plenty of brambles to keep even an English park like Trenacre from palling."

"I wonder whether you'd have got them in a Nature that wasn't a bit warped and kinked," said Hugh.

"But whoever heard of a perfectly perfect Nature? So you can't argue what it would or wouldn't admit. Anyhow, the softer the Nature, the more it disgusts one; and the less perfect its inhabitants seem to become, anyhow. Look at this Riviera!"

They both laughed, being fully of accord in their dislike of the modern towns that fringed this shore, made up of pretentious hotels and villas, marble-faced, plaster-backed, which blinded you to the many buildings in sounder taste. Even inland had the infection spread; and you saw country-houses, stained crude pinks and reds, with their false windows and frescoed persiennes, their flimsy balconies clamped to the splitting stucco. Even the gardens, planted with the imported palm, were made to look still more artificial by their cheap statuary, their tinted quicksilver ornaments, their absurd bleached scene-paintings of sky and tree perspectives which forced the atmosphere of Edens and Alcazars into the very midst of the tangles of splendid flowers and of triumphant Nature. In fact, the whole Riviera produced strongly the impression of a woman, powdered and rouged, and in evening-dress, walking with mincing gait down a country lane flooded with mid-day sunlight.

"I suppose," said Hugh, "that it was after his course of scientific epicureanism in places like these that John Addington Symonds confessed that 'after all, it is the stern things of this world that we like the best.'"

"I've met fellows at the 'Varsity," said Arthur, "whom I've wanted to hurt out of pure benevolence. All they wanted was a little kicking, to bring out all kinds of capital qualities. I think Walter Pater was rather that sort."

"Certainly he appreciates the value of pain, and restraint, and renunciation," agreed Hugh. "Do you remember his panegyric of the '*frugi religio*' of old Rome in *Marius*? And how the beautiful hilarity of the early Church, the songs of the children in Cecilia's house, were all the gladder, he suggests, for the thought of those other martyr-children, fast asleep in their catacomb graves beneath them? Even that blackguard Appuleius from whom he quotes so much, saw the misery of perfect worldly happiness. Do you remember the story of the King's daughter, who was so beautiful, that men worshipped her instead of Venus—so beautiful, however, that they never dared to give her the human love for which she was craving, and left her to pine in lonely loveliness?"

"Queer fellows, Appuleius and all that decadent lot," said Arthur, "they had the right ideas, one imagines, but they never got much further *than* ideas. It's odd, too, how much they made of austerity, as long as their ideas *were* right."

"Or how much they required to *make* them right," said Hugh. "Certainly, with decadence, austerity was given up, or ran riot into dervishism. Leave out the Jews. Their case is too obvious. You feel at once the rarefied atmosphere which their best writers breathed. The prophets, for instance, or even David, though his religious sternness shows clearly enough its natural bent towards savagery; just as the Pharisaic washing of vessels and hands were the normal petrification of the old passion for purity—the ascetic rejection of earth and its accretions. But leave out the Jews. Think of Egypt! Was it her huge spaces of a crystal air, the desert with its gigantic lights and shadows, the floods of her one mighty river, flawlessly mirroring back her gorgeous Sun-god, that inspired her with those ideals of majesty and purity that are so well realized in the very outlines of her architecture, and in the details of her rites? Think of those white linen robes; the shaving of skull and limb; the tremendous use of cold water; it's all as 'moral' as can be. Yet it's an odd paradox that just this very hatred of earth which made Egypt reject the least fleck of its presence was to force our good monks of to-day—as well as the mediævals—to so utterly despise that same presence as to shave about once a fortnight and to change their hair shirts about— Well, and you can't but admit," he went on, in one of his rare bursts of erudite garrulity, "that even the Greeks, the sunny, natural Greeks, when they reached their highest points, were austere. Æschylus and his 'suffer and learn' gets very close to the true Hebraic ring. Plato was a puritan if ever there was one. 'Cut off the leaden weights, strip yourself of the seaweeds and shells and pebbles with which your long immersion in body-life has encrusted you.' That is his evangel to the soul! Plato and Æschylus! who would hesitate to place them above Diogenes and Euripides? Diogenes, the old fakir! Then you have the awful melancholy of Homer—directly he gives himself or his hero time to reflect: that dreadful shudder of the glorious Achilles, full in his blazing strength and beauty, just about to kill the grovelling Lycaon, yet knowing that '*Quid prodest morituro?*' The 'dawn, or eve, or noon,' was bound to come when he too must fall. Or even the glumness of Pindar—at

least one doesn't feel sure that it was genuine melancholy—*τί δὲ τίς; τί δ' οὐ τίς; σκίας ὄντα*—‘What thing is man? or what thing is not he? The dream of a shadow!’”

“How much longer do you propose to go on for?” asked Arthur, irritably conscious that he was rather interested. “And you've got awfully off the lines. Melancholy is absolutely different from austerity. Loti's melancholy enough, but a softer writer you never met. You feel you want dumb-bells and a bath after reading him.”

“Of course it isn't the same thing,” said Hugh, with scholarly exasperation. “But it proves that either you can't stand nothing but sweets if you get them, or can't get them if you try for them. And the people who reject a good deal in that line very likely come off best in the end in the quality, at least, of what they do enjoy. Besides,” he went on pertinaciously, and with a fine disregard of logic, “the old Roman faith was as austere as you will without being melancholy. Loti's a self-pityer: you don't think the monks we saw this morning had much maudlin self-pity about *them*, do you? Nor did the people most like monks among the pagans. You won't find much of that in the *successes* of Neoplatonism, though I'm ready to confess that when you were a failure whether in that school, or in the Isis-worship that it developed so much, you became a thorough-going sensualist, often enough; in the East, at any rate, with wild reactions of sanguinary penance. Look here,” he said, suddenly producing a small book—the *Hermes* of a pseudo-Appuleius—“did you ever hear anything much finer than this even among the Christians? It's the concluding prayer—the upshot of his philosophy.

‘Glory to Thee, O most high, most transcendent, most exalted; for by Thy grace alone have we arrived at the light of the knowledge of Thee. O holy Name and honourable, O one Name whereby God alone is to be blessed according to the worship of our fathers; O Thou who unto all hast deigned to impart that very worship's self, and religion, and love, and sweeter influences yet, if any such there be; who dost endow us with sense and reasoning and understanding; with sense, that we may become aware of Thee; with reasoning, that with our dim suspicions concerning Thee we may pursue Thee; with understanding, that knowing Thee we might rejoice. And behold, saved by Thy divine power we do rejoice, for that Thou hast shown Thyself to us in Thine entirety; we rejoice for that Thou hast deigned to consecrate us for Eternity—even ourselves thus situate in flesh. For on this alone may human nature congratulate itself, the knowledge



of Thy Majesty. Thee have we known; and Thy mighty light with the sole force of our sense and intellect do we understand, O thou true life of life, O most fruitful parent of all things that are. Thee have we known, O Thou most full of Nature in Thy conceiving; Thee have we known, O Thou that endurest for Eternity. For in our whole life adoring and worshipping the good of Thy goodness, this one gift do we implore of Thee, that Thou wouldst deign to keep us persevering in the love of the knowledge of Thee, and never suffer us to be separated from this way of life.’”

“It’s like the Prayer-book,” said Arthur, quietly.

“Or like Aunt Susan’s *Anima Christi* and St. Augustine,” rejoined the other. “After all, the mingling of passion and austerity came from there. At best, we English are only dignified in our prayers, and the passion is quite gone. It’s a shallow emotion, I think, that makes us English enthuse about the peace of our Cathedral Closes; it’s the repose of culture; amiable, virtuous, familial, parochial, successful culture; but it’s not Christianity; at least, whatever of Christianity our Cathedral-town society has—and of course it has plenty—it isn’t in the artistic side of Cathedralism. Upon my word,” he exclaimed, with sudden energy, “there’s more Christianity in the clattering chairs and guttering candles and inattentive choir-boys of a French Cathedral than in all our Closes ‘decent and in order’ put together. Life, I suppose: a foreign Cathedral is certainly alive.”

“It makes me furious,” said Arthur, exploding suddenly.

Hugh stared. Then he determined to wait. His very modern and worldly-wise friend had, he knew, his hours of passionate spiritual revolt, and, of late, long stretches of moroseness, broken by fits of frivolity or bitter talk, had argued that beneath the surface of his mind, vague, restless thoughts were struggling to take shape and find the light.

“The Romans have got the real thing if any one in this muddle of a world has,” he went on angrily; “and they can’t tell us—or won’t—a word about it. Are you a Fool or an Immoral Character?” he asked abruptly.

“An Immoral Character, I hope;” answered the other cheerfully. “But why?”

“You’re an Oxford man,” said Arthur, “that’s why. At least that tame ecclesiastic of Aunt Susan’s [Arthur was only rude when the intensely English dislike of the ‘priest’ suddenly surged to the surface] assured me that if, as I maintained, the Oxford dons *knew* anything about anything, they must be blinded by passion and the prey of avarice and ambition if they

didn't at once cotton to his blessed system. System! Good Lord! And he made it pretty clear to me that I was in the same box if I at once didn't put myself into his mental straight-waistcoat after my half-hour's talk with him."

"Don't lose your temper," said Hugh. "Is that the cleric at Trenacre?"

"No; I mean the Mentone one. The one with a black muffler and the spotted cassock. But the Trenacre one (he's new, by the way, since you were up there last) is just as bad. He's young; he's got a red neck and a shiny face. Then his laugh—he guffaws at everything! He's simply bursting to do something vulgar and boorish; but out of sheer virtue he never actually does. He holds himself in like a terrier, and talks with a primness—I have to play the languid duke, and say the most scandalous things directly I'm near him. He'd dine at four, if he had the chance; he plays footer like a pro., and he sings songs to the choir about Marching Shoulder to Shoulder, or Brother clasping the Hand of Brother and . . . *enfin!* And I shouldn't think he'd ever read anything since he was at his Seminary; and even then. . . . Well, I tell you frankly, though he's awfully popular with just the sort of people who *like* that, and shines at parish bean-feasts and what not, you feel absolutely certain he's *more* than that; tons more; and that he's absolutely unaware of his own worth, and thinks himself rather a fine fellow for just the qualities which one can't away with. Well, once when I felt what a good man he was more strongly than usual, I forced myself to go and talk to him about that theory of yours—about the distinction between 'mortification' and 'mortifications'—how if you had the first you wouldn't need the second—and he simply looked blank; and when (I really wanted to know) I pushed him about his Philosophy of Asceticism, and his saints, he drew in his horns and murmured the conventional phrase about 'more admirable than imitable;' and then drew a clean-cut division between venial and mortal sins which bewildered me as usual, and last of all, rounded on me with 'the misty views of moderns.' And I was doubly angry because I was inconsistent: he *had* got a 'position;' and yet when a man *hasn't*, it makes me angry just in the same way. Remember those two friends of yours from Chad's? The chaps that kept criticizing every individual Anglican dignitary, and yet kept boasting about the Anglican Position—their Position forsooth! I lost my temper

at last. 'My dear fellows,' I said, 'with you it isn't a Position—it's an Attitude.'

"It took me some time to square them afterwards," said Hugh, quietly. "You've no notion how you put their backs up."

"Well, but isn't it enough to make a fellow mad?" went on Arthur. "Romans and Anglicans alike refuse to help you. Here you've got a soul craving for religion, and Rome gives you a 'system,' and Anglicanism strikes an attitude, or goes about the noble work in the 'austere' way that history and experience alike prove so necessary, without any reasoned explanation. Yes, you must have *some* system—only, will the Roman satisfy? Austerity! But *why*? And *how*? How justify the *suppression* of even the basest of your instincts? And *how* maintain the equipoise of parts that you need in order to be a man at all, if once you start suppressing? Yes, I crave for a religion, strong, reasonable, and yet sublime; that will dominate you, understand you, and realize all your possibilities of divinity."

"Arthur," said Hugh, "almost thou persuadest me to be a Roman."

"My dear fellow," answered Arthur, suddenly sobered; "that's 'whole worlds away' as yet! 'Almost'? Well, I'm glad you didn't use the more accurate word, 'Lightly.' God knows I'm in earnest."

"Look here," said Hugh, "this may serve you in the interim. You say you want religion—a 'systematic' religion, even though their Aristotelian standpoint annoys you in some moderns. Well, you're right enough in your desire, whatever you may be in your irritation. All nature is but geometrical symmetry disguised! Look at that almond-tree—the sun—what you will. And certainly when we see the whole, we shall find that every part is in perfect relation with every other part, that no premiss is really omitted in the great Syllogism, however much we poor people have now to go by intuition, 'illative senses,' and what not. Only, ask yourself this; given a nature, as Christians demand, *kinked* at the outset, can you *ever* expect to build up a perfectly harmonious philosophy out of what your senses supply from it to your intellect? And if sense and intellect are *kinked* too? I suppose 'original sin' was capable of even that!"

"Yes: even the negative imperfection of an undeveloped nature would baulk one, I suppose," said Arthur slowly. "But that's cold comfort, isn't it?"

"Is it?" answered Hugh. "You admit the eternal compromise or adjustment between Individual and State; can't you admit some such apparently adjustive sacrifice in view of greater self-realization within the soul too?"

"Not once beat, 'Praise be Thine!  
I see the whole design.'"

quoted Arthur. He was afraid of his own words, lest they should sound too full of anguish, if sincere; too empty else.

"*Rabbi Ben Ezra* is a bad poem to quote from," said Hugh smiling. "Why, its whole motto is trust. After all, you dream: dreams are often the most real: here is Browning's 'paradox' verified in you, if you only will.

Life succeeds in that it seems to fail:  
What I aspired to be  
And was not, comforts me."

"It's a wonderful poem," said Arthur.

That evening, nature was kind to the men. Who knows how much of the rather bitter tone of their earlier talk had not been due to the glare and heat of the mid-day mountains where their path had lain? The sparse and stunted pines, each casting its separate tuft of blue shadow on the livid pebbles and pale, dried undergrowth, had been unable to keep off the sun, and had made the air heavy with the scent of their exuding gum. Little shrines, defaced by socialistic scrawls, had marked the turns of an almost indistinguishable track along the ridge, and made one feel that one's fellow-men were no more kind than this hard scenery. But now, through the exquisite evening, their way had led them up the mountain-spur on which Col di Rodi stood out, a silhouette of purple dome and campanile against a primrose sky. Into its cavernous parish church they had passed, and had found its altar starred with tapers, and had received the Benediction. Almost as silent as in the early morning, they went down through the gardens, sweet with banks of stocks, crimson in the daylight, but now only fragrant masses of dark bloom. By their side trotted a little chorister, demanding in shrill sing-song *Una medaglia* from the signori.

"Give ear, O Kid," said Arthur, in solemn English; "thy medal shalt thou have, no less valuable than artistic, if thou shalt sing us again thy Benediction song."

It had been the *Sacris Solemnis* of Aquinas, and the doxology had struck Arthur.

Hugh translated his request.

In his clear treble the boy sang the wonderful lines.

Te, Una Deitas, Trinaque poscimus  
Sic Tu nos visita sicut Te colimus;  
Per tuas semitas duc nos quo tendimus,  
Ad lucem quam inhabitas.

"By Thy paths lead us whither we are tending"—whither our instinctive hunger drives us, that must mean;" Arthur was musing; "'to the light which Thou inhabitest.' Paths! more than one, that is. Can it be that they all converge, not only *at* the centre, but before they reach it? That there is only one way, ultimately, to the goal? That even proximately, there is only one sure, guaranteed road—steep, perhaps, but very safe? Shall I ever strike it?"

"But there is a better verse, if the Signori will only hear it;" pleaded the boy. And he broke into the hushed and awe-struck Gregorian cadence: "*O res mirabilis, O res mirabilis*," he repeated, all his childishness gone in a moment: "O thing of wonder, thing of wonder! *Manducat Dominum—Pauper, servus, et humilis. Pauper, pauper, servus, et humilis.*—'They that eat the Lord, are the poor; the poor; the slave; the humble.'"

"*Una medaglia, Signori*," he cried, in his sudden sing-song.

"*Ecco, poveretto*," said Hugh, and tossed him a medal of the Genoa Madonna.

With shrill cries the boy leaped back through the woods towards Colla. Almost at once the others reached the road, just beyond Ospedaletti; and the lights of Bordighera were soon visible, but still shining quite in the distance.

The sea and sky were equally calm, equally luminous with the mysterious blues of early night. The road was silent, and nature seemed glad to be resting at last, more at rest, indeed, than if she had been sleeping. The complicated suggestions of daylight seemed to have been abruptly dissipated, like a spider's web when one central strand is snapped. Everything seemed suddenly very simple.

"*Pauper, servus, et humilis*," Arthur was thinking as they strode along.

But neither of them said a word.

JAN DE GEOLLAC.

## *A Visit to St. Patrick's Purgatory.*

---

It was seven o'clock on a June evening, and the cold rain, which was falling in torrents, made it chilly, and had taken all the summer feel from the air. We had travelled a long cross-country journey in slow trains, and felt weary and depressed as we climbed down from the carriage and slushed across the wet platform in search of our bicycles. As few people were travelling they were soon found, and leaving them in charge of a porter, we inquired if there were any cars starting for Lough Derg.

"Do ye want to git there this night?" asked a red-checked boy who flourished a long whip.

"We must get there this night," replied the spokeswoman of the party, in a tone of voice betraying the suppressed irritation of fatigue.

"Well, come along thin," and he started off over the muddy station-yard in the wet. Obediently we followed, and a few minutes' walk brought us opposite a whitewashed house, with the word *Hotel* written in large letters over the doorway.

"Will yez be plased to walk inside an' warm yerselves by the fire, whilst I spake with himself about the car," and pointing his hand to a room beyond the entrance, where the firelight flickered on the wall, the boy left us. As we entered the kitchen two women came forward to give us welcome.

"God help yez! God help yez! But this is a terrible night to be thravellin'. Are yez drouneded entirely?" and passing her hand over our coats, the elder woman felt to know if we were wet.

"Sit yerselves by the fire an' git warm. So it's to the island ye're goin', I suppose, to make the station?"

"Yes, we are on our way to St. Patrick's Purgatory."

"But won't yez stay the night, and wait till to-morrow? It's a wild evenin' an' the lake does be rough. It'll be very dark afore ye're in it. Why don't yez stop here? we'll make yez comfortable, an' in the mornin' when it's fine yez can go on."

But no, we replied, that was impossible; we were limited to

time, and would have to get there at once. Seeing we were determined, our hostess did not press the matter further, but she regarded us sadly and with real concern.

"I suppose they won't be long getting the car," I asked.

"Not very long. There's a man goin' too. He's business in Pettigo, an' it's likely they're waitin' till he comes back."

As our departure was dependent on this other traveller, we could not hurry matters, so relapsing into silence, we gazed into the fire.

But the woman was not thus to be put off; she gathered up her knitting and turning towards us continued the conversation. Had we been to the island before? she asked; where had we come from that day, and where were our homes? Finding this was our first visit to the Purgatory, she launched forth, only glad to give us the necessary information. Of course we had letters from the Prior, for without his permission it was impossible to land. Also we could not leave the island without that same permission. We knew that we would have to walk barefoot and fast strictly, only taking bread and water, and that not before noon. There was the night watch, too, in prison, generally considered the hardest part of all. When the "Stations of the Cross" were over at nine o'clock, the church door was locked, and there the pilgrims had to remain till morning, when the priest came to say the five o'clock Mass. To-morrow night, according to the order of regulations, we would be in prison, unless we were fasting, when we could enter this very evening. Had we warm wraps, she asked, for it was often very cold in the damp church during the night? Was she trying to frighten us away from the Purgatory? We had learned what was expected of the pilgrims before venturing on the journey, but now, on this cold wet evening, seated in a dark kitchen with these two strange women, waiting for the car that was to carry us into the unknown, the prospect before us, coloured by the words of our hostess, assumed a grim and awful aspect. Should we turn back while there was yet time? We looked at one another inquiringly, but none had the courage to make any decision. So we sat on in silence, and as one so often does in life, let things take their course. At last steps were heard coming along the passage, and the cheerful-faced boy put his head in through the doorway.

"The car's ready," he said, "if ye'll be plased to come."

We rose from our seats, and thanked the two women for their hospitable shelter.



"It scalds us to see yez go off so late. Won't yez take this shawl to keep yerselves dry?"

But we refused the kind offer, and shaking hands, went out into the street. Our hostesses followed to see us safely on to the car—two on one side, the other beside the strange man—and then waved blessings to us from the doorway, and we started off down the hill. The town, with its straggling outskirts, was soon left behind, and the horse trotted gaily along a muddy road fenced by low hedges, which enabled us to see the surrounding country.

"Maybe ye haven't been to the pilgrimage afore?" remarked my unknown companion, breaking the silence that was beginning to grow a little irksome.

"Never before," I answered, "this is our first visit."

"Well, it's a pity ye have such a bad day, though after all it's a good work, no matter what day ye begin it."

"I hope we shall not get ill there; for one of my friends has a cold, and so have I, and from all accounts it would be a bad place to fall sick in."

"Don't ye fear," returned my companion, "no one gits ill at Lough Derg. It's cured yer colds will be in the morning more likely, an' ye won't feel the fastin' nayther. It's wonderful what ye can do in that place. This is the fourth time I'm comin' in it, an' plase God it won't be the last."

The road had begun to rise more sharply now, and the horse's speed slackened as the driver let the reins fall loosely over its neck. The rain had turned into a thick cold mist, which blotted out the surrounding landscape, so that we could barely discern a shadowy outline of low hills. No house of any sort could be seen, and not a living creature disturbed the solitude. Chilled by the desolation that surrounded us, we relapsed into silence, my neighbour even ceasing from his desultory remarks, and contenting himself with whistling every now and then some scraps of tune. We had driven on like this for some considerable time when suddenly the driver, jerking forward his whip, called out:

"There it is."

Roused from the state of torpor into which we had fallen, we looked in the direction to which he pointed, and saw a glimmering dark patch lying beyond, and slightly below us. This then was Lough Derg, cold, solitary, forbidding, and there was no turning back. Flicked by the lash the horse quickly

crested the hill, and trotted down the remaining piece of road that extended between us and the water's edge. We pulled up beside a primitive little quay, and descended stiffly from our seats. Two women were already before us, wrapped in shawls, and carrying bundles in their hands. They also seemed oppressed by the gloom, and stood silent and motionless, looking over the dark waters. A boat was moored alongside, and two boatmen came forward and, gathering up the oars, took their places. The commercial traveller followed, then the two women, and we crouched together in the stern, under cover of a rug which the carman kindly lent us. The lake was very rough, and soon we were rocking up and down violently on the short waves, the rain driving in our faces, and the wind making it impossible to hold up an umbrella. The woman at Pettigo had warned us the lake would be stormy, and advised us to stay the night. How foolish we had been to risk it. All kinds of dread fancies arose before us, and we imagined the boat capsizing and all of us lost for ever in the depths of Lough Derg.

"I think we had better say the Rosary," said one of the party, with a tremour in her voice. The other two agreed, and with the seething waters around us, the dark canopy of heaven overhead, and our hearts filled with a nameless fear, we prayed for protection. The twenty minutes of our journey seemed an eternity till at last we approached the station island, which in the gathering twilight rose dark, mysterious, solitary, from the waters of the lake. Close by the little pier stood a grey, weather-beaten church from which a few lights gleamed, and as we drew near we noticed a stream of people issuing from the doorway. Gathering each of us our bundle we stepped out on to the island, assisted by the boatmen, and then stood, three forlorn figures, not knowing what to do.

"There's the priest, ye'd better spake with him," said the elder boatman, taking hold of my arm. As he spoke a tall figure in a flowing cassock came towards us.

"Welcome to the island! You are come on a bad night, I'm afraid. Have you written to the Prior?"

"Yes, we wrote we were coming to-day."

"All right, then. Come with me to the Hospice. You'll be able to see him to-morrow. I'm afraid, though, that you are very tired," and he looked at us compassionately, for our dejected appearance would have touched the heart of a stone.

Meekly we followed, by a row of cottages, and along a

rough path, then we came to an open space where stood another church, and close to it, a large limestone building—evidently the Hospice. Here the priest gave us into the charge of two girls, telling them to look after us, and went away. When we had fortified ourselves with some supper, we were shown upstairs to three whitewashed cells, which were to be our home during our stay on the island. Never shall I forget that night as I lay sleepless in the little iron bed, thinking of our strange experiences. Through the unshuttered window the faint light crept in, showing up the cold whitewash, and the plain, scanty furniture, the wind coming through the ill-fitting sashes, caught the linen blind, and made it bang and rustle incessantly, and all the while was heard the roar of the waves as they dashed up against the walls of the Hospice. One seemed here in such close proximity to nature, so removed from, and out of touch with, the civilized world, and surrounded by the strange and intangible influences that seem to hover in those spots which have been the scene of spiritual happenings. There is something in this nearness to the unseen that oppresses and frightens the soul, and makes it feel utterly alone in face of stupendous forces. Did Patrick dread these night-long vigils? did his heart lose courage in contact with the spiritual powers? What were his experiences during his forty days of solitude? We cannot say! All we know is that the staunch old Patriarch emerged from his retreat victorious.

At five o'clock the ringing of the church bells told us that the day of penance had begun, and a few minutes later came a knock at my cell door, and a jug of hot water was pushed inside. We all met in the corridor barefooted, according to the injunctions we had received the night before, and went down the staircase and out across to the church to attend the six o'clock Mass. When it was over we had an interview with the Prior, who explained to us the regulations of the Purgatory.

St. Patrick's Purgatory is quite unique in the world, and is one of the oldest existing places of pilgrimage in Catholic Europe. Since the days of St. Patrick it has continued to be venerated, almost without interruption, in spite of its many vicissitudes. First, it was ravaged by the Danes, then came the conquering Norman, who on one occasion persuaded the Pope to suppress the sanctuary, and later on it suffered with other religious establishments at the hands of Elizabeth's soldiers and the Ironsides of Cromwell. The monks who lived there and served

the shrine were chased away. But the Irish people would not allow it to fall into disuse. It was still visited by pilgrims, and now every year from the 1st of June till the 15th of August two priests of the diocese are deputed to serve the sanctuary, and stay on the island and superintend the pilgrimages.

Our visit to the Prior over, we proceeded to the penance, beginning with the first round or devotional exercise, of which there are three each day. These rounds consist in making the circuit of the church seven times, reciting each time five *Paters*, *Aves*, and *Glorias*, then passing on to the six beds of the Saints, curious little stone erections with a cross in the centre of each, remains of ancient chapels probably. Each bed has to be gone round three times and the same prayers recited. Then the pilgrim proceeds to the station Cross and then to the edge of the lake, where he stands in the water and recites the Creed. It takes one hour to accomplish a round; and as all the walking is done barefoot over rough stones and gravel, the pilgrims become very footsore at the end.

That we were novices at the devotions was soon apparent, and we immediately became the object of friendly interest to the veterans. When we made any mistake and overlooked a round, one of them would come and set us right and explain exactly what we ought to do. We thanked them for their kindness, wondering how they were able to make their own rounds and keep count of ours at the same time. Having accomplished our first exercise satisfactorily, we sat down, weary and exhausted, to watch the other pilgrims. They were a motley gathering—old women in shawls, old men, girls in neat tailor-made dresses, two or three middle-aged women in rustling satin skirts, who were evidently wearing their best in honour of St. Patrick. There was a young married couple, whom we soon guessed to be Americans. Probably they were on their wedding tour, and had come to the Ould Country to gain a blessing on their married life. Several young men were there, farmers' sons and shopkeepers, who said their prayers with great devotion. How many people had come and gone during the last twelve hundred years, we wondered. In the early times, few if any of the ancient Irish would have omitted to pay at least one visit to St. Patrick's Purgatory, and during the days of persecution no doubt many of the priests came hither for a refuge and a short respite from the dangers that continually threatened them. What tales of sorrow and

repentance could not the well-worn stones of the island tell! and to how many soul-tragedies had they not borne witness! Such thoughts pursued us as we explored the little island and gazed out across the waters of the lake to the low hills on the mainland, beyond which lay the great world.

At the extreme point of the island, behind the second church, we came upon a group of thatched cottages, and standing in the doorway of the nearest, we recognized our boatman of the preceding evening. He greeted us as we approached and begged us to come in.

"Warm yerselves by the fire," he said politely. "Lizzie, here are the ladies I was tellin' ye about."

A tall, middle-aged woman came towards us, who from her resemblance to the man, we gathered to be his sister. She drew up chairs before the fire, begging us to be seated, and then proceeded to question us as to how we liked the island. To her it was evidently the centre of existence, for the male members of her family had for many generations been pilgrimage boatmen, and during the summer months she and her brothers always came to the little cottage and occupied themselves with the affairs of the station.

"It's fourty years since we've been comin' in it. I was just a slip of a girl and Mike a gosoon not as high as that chair," she said. "An' there's many a change we've seen. In those days no Hospice was built an' the pilgrims stopped in the cottages. We've had hundreds in this house."

"Do as many pilgrims come to the island now as when you first knew it?" we asked.

"There was a great fallin' off some years ago, but lately they do be comin' again. Last year five thousand passed through the Purgatory. Some old men an' women are comin' in it every year of thir lives, never missin' one this fourty or fifty years. Shure it's a wonderful place! We see them from all parts—America, Australia, England. An' sometimes there do be foreigners. But have you seen any of the island bread yet? We think a great deal of it," and she pointed out to us some round thin oatcakes that were placed upright in front of the fire. This bread is a speciality of Lough Derg, and constitutes the only food eaten by the pilgrims. It is made of coarse oatmeal mixed with water into a moistish paste, and when shaped is left to bake slowly before the turf fire.

"I'll make yez a loaf to take home, an' yez can show yer friends what fine baking we do here."

The brother, who had gone away when we entered the cottage, now returned, saying the Prior had said we might go for a row on the lake. Nothing loth, we accepted the offer with alacrity, as a welcome break in the monotony of the day. The boatman, Mike Corkran, was as loquacious as his sister as he rowed us over the now peaceful lake.

"I'll take yez first to Holy Island," he said, "there it is beyant. That's where the monks used to live long ago, an' so many of thim were saints they called it Holy Island."

The sun was now coming out from behind the clouds, and the lake lost something of the grim, forbidding aspect that had cast such a chill upon us the day before. Here and there too a fish jumped in the water, telling us that this spot was not so devoid of life after all.

"There are good trout in this lake," remarked Corkran, noticing them, "an' the fishin's well preserved. A Colonel N. has it, 'an his friends come down to fish. There's pike, an' trout, an' perch, an' one time there used to be salmon in it, but there's none now."

"Why not?"

"Well, this is the way it was. One time St. Patrick was expected to visit the island, an' the monks got ready a great dinner to give him. An' two of the brothers went down to the lake to fish, an' they fished an' fished, but never a salmon came near them, an' when poor St. Patrick came, it was only a bad dinner they could give him. So the Prior told the Saint how it was, an' that the salmon kept away. Now, St. Patrick was very angry when he heard it, an' down he went to the water's edge, and declared that never a salmon should live in that lake again. An' shure enough not one of them has been seen in it since. But here we are at Holy Island."

So we climbed out of the boat and visited the ruins, now overgrown with moss and shrubs, and tried to make out the writing on the weather-beaten tombstones. But little remained, however, of the old monastery, once the centre of so much learning and piety.

"Did yez ever hear of O'Carolan, the last of the Irish bards?" asked the boatman, as he rowed us slowly back towards Station Island. We had heard of him.

"He came to the Purgatory once to do the penance, an' there's a true story about him. When he was young, O'Carolan wanted to marry Briget Cruise, an' whatever came between them

I don't know, but they parted, an' after a while he married some one else. Now, when he was old an' blind he came to the island an' there were a great many people in the boat that day. At the landin' the old man couldn't well get out by himself, an' one of the pilgrims gave her hand to help him. No sooner had he laid hold of it than he called out : ' This is the hand of Briget Cruise.' An' shure enough it was, herself was in it."

It was past twelve o'clock when we got back to Station Island, so we hurried off to break our fast with the oaten bread and some of the lake water mixed with a little sugar and called by the pilgrims—wine of Lough Derg. Two other rounds were accomplished during the course of the afternoon, and at nine o'clock, when the Way of the Cross was over, we found ourselves with some other twenty pilgrims locked within the church. The building was cold and damp, and lit by a few dim lamps hung in remote corners, which sent a feeble ray across the darkness, barely enabling us to distinguish the groups of pilgrims. Here and there they knelt enveloped in great coats and shawls, bowed figures, motionless, seemingly absorbed in a spiritual presence. And every now and then during the long hours of the night, the silence would be broken by one of the elder pilgrims reciting the Rosary or other prayers. Thus the time wore slowly on till at last the grey dawn crept in through the windows, revealing pale, tired faces. At five o'clock the bells began to toll and the church doors were thrown open to admit the priest who came to say the first Mass.

Our three days of penance completed, on the fourth morning we bade farewell to St. Patrick's Purgatory, embarked on the station boat, and were rowed by our friend Mike Corkran across the lake. As we watched the island receding further and further from us, till at last only the grey limestone church stood above the waters, we felt we had passed through a unique experience which none of us could ever forget. The remembrance of St. Patrick's Purgatory must always remain with us, as a proof of that wonderful faith and constancy, which has been the chief stay of the Irish people during so many hundred years of trial and sorrow. Surely St. Patrick must look down with content upon his children who have kept alive his traditions and followed in his footsteps. St. Patrick's Purgatory must ever remain one of the glories of Catholic Ireland.



## *Honour's Glassy Bubble.*

A STORY OF THREE GENERATIONS.

---

### BOOK IV.

---

#### CHAPTER X.

##### FIRE AND WATER.

ERE Christian had time to answer there came an interruption. A harsh, gruff voice in his ear was saying :

"Herr von Schwerteneck, would you do me the honour to présent me to Baroness Hunvalagi-Stillberg?"

"And me too," added a second voice, of younger and more boyish calibre than the first one.

Suddenly realizing that they were not alone, Lona turned to see two young men who had meanwhile joined the group beside the flaming bonfire. She recognized them as being the same she had seen once or twice in Christian's company, driving or riding through the village, two students of farming, so-called—sent hither by their parents for a year in order to learn the practical exercise of their future profession under an experienced and trustworthy agriculturist such as Schwerteneck was known to be.

The idea of introducing these two young men to Lona, whom he had certainly not expected to see at this early hour, would probably not have occurred to Christian, and the idea of so doing was somewhat distasteful, but being thus reminded of a conventional duty, it was of course impossible to refuse compliance.

"Permit me to present my pupils, Herr Pergen and Herr Müller," he accordingly said, with an introductory gesture which included the first speaker, a short, thick-set, square-jawed young man of the bulldog pattern, as well as his companion, a cheerful and harmless-looking individual, upon whom a pair of somewhat goggle-green eyes and rosy cheeks bestowed some indefinable

resemblance to a common but wholesome species of apple. Both were obviously still at the hobbledehoy stage of their existence, but with a difference, for whereas Herr Pergen's incipient manhood found expression in ostentatious swagger and an assumption of elaborate assurance towards the fair sex, young Müller was still incapable of looking a pretty woman in the face, or attempting to address her without a profusion of embarrassed and apologetic blushes.

"I have come to see you light the frost fires," said Lona, having, in English fashion, shaken hands with both, a piece of unexpected condescension on her part which so completely upset young Müller's composure as to drown his face in a flood of vivid crimson, and reduce speech to an inarticulate stammer.

"How g-g-good of you—awful f-fun the frost fires," was all he managed to get out.

Herr Pergen, however, took the opportunity of displaying his superior breeding and perfect *savoir-vivre* by an elaborately-turned compliment which, accompanied by a broad stare of audacious and unveiled admiration, appeared almost equally offensive to its object and to Christian Schwerteneck.

"The ballroom will be lighted directly in order to shed lustre on the Queen of Beauty, who has deigned to honour her humble subjects by her gracious presence. Then, at least, we shall be able duly to admire those charms now shrouded from our longing eyes by jealous shadows."

"Come, let us get on with the work," said Christian, shortly; "if we stand here talking, the fires will never be lit before dawn."

"And I am going to help too," said Lona, eagerly. "I want to light at least six bonfires all by myself."

Christian looked doubtful.

"Please do not attempt it," he said, lowering his voice so as to be heard by her only. "This is not women's work. See how the sparks are flying about, and with your light, almost flimsy gown——"

But Lona, whose spirits had risen almost to an extravagant pitch under the combined influences of the keen morning air and the unusually picturesque and exhilarating scene that she was witnessing for the first time, was in a strangely wayward, almost contradictory mood just now, and womanlike, now that she knew herself to be standing on the brink of a new, unhopd-for happiness, some capricious impulse prompted her to play

just a tiny bit with her new-found treasure before taking it to her heart. The now closely impending surrender would be all the sweeter for a little delay; for that slight touch of feigned resistance without which no proud and true woman ever cares to give herself away.

"Really, Herr von Schwerteneck, you are almost as bad as old Burghard in thinking that I am only fit to be wrapped up in cotton wool and shielded from danger like a new-born infant. Give me a torch, please, for I tell you I mean to have my own way."

"I am certainly not going to give you a torch," returned Christian, quietly. "Of course I have neither the right nor the power to control your actions, but at least I will not be a party to any such imprudence."

Lona, at this juncture, would probably have desisted from her intention, had it not been for young Pergen's inopportune interruption:

"Here is a torch at your service, Baroness," he said, springing forward eagerly to place a lighted branch in her hand. "Of course we are only too delighted to have your assistance, and lit by your fair hands the brushwood heaps, like our hearts, will burn with double intensity."

Though somewhat disgusted by the nauseous elaboration of the compliment, Lona had no choice but to accept the proffered branch and apply herself to the work of conflagration, assiduously attended by the swarthy young man, who, armed with a flaming brand, evidently considered himself entitled to the position of her counsellor and *aide-de-camp*.

Christian, in moody silence, followed the pair, having made no further attempt at dissuasion. But for Lona, all the pleasure that she had so eagerly looked forward to on the occasion had suddenly vanished, blotted out by this unexpected cloudlet sprung up between herself and Christian. It was in vain that fire after fire flashed up into bright dancing flames, irradiating the scene with the phosphorescent brilliancy of some cunningly-arranged stage effect, throwing the outlines of trees and figures into broad relief, and pouring a cascade of brilliant light into the current of the peaceful, sluggish stream until it, too, glowed and glared with gold and crimson reflections.

Upon Lona all this glory was wasted, and for the nonce it all appeared inexpressibly dark and dreary. She began to feel a distinct grudge against St. Sophia, and wished that after

all she had not been fool enough to come hither this morning.

But in proportion as her interest in the proceedings seemed to waver, that of her bulldog-faced coadjutor visibly increased. In his foolish boyish conceit, he fondly believed himself to be the hero of the moment, the cock of the walk, the favoured swain of the fairest damsel it had ever yet been his good fortune to address, while Herr von Schwerteneck, his master and superior, beneath whose rigid discipline and calm authority his sullen spirit had so often chafed in helpless irritation, was nowhere to-day, a mere cipher, uncared for and disregarded. Insensibly his gestures grew more unguarded, his speech more reckless, his compliments assumed a more audacious character.

"Have a care, Herr Pergen," called out Christian's voice suddenly in the rear. "That branch is a great deal too short to be safe."

"I am not a child, and can take care of myself," was the short, gruff answer; and as though the more emphatically to proclaim his independence, the swarthy-faced youth shook his lighted branch with a defiant gesture that sent the sparks flying in a wild circle around him.

"Possibly you may think so, but you are certainly not fit to take care of a lady, and being here the sole responsible person, I am obliged to insist upon compliance with my orders. Throw away that sputtering branch or you will do a mischief yet. There! By Jove! You have done it already, you young fool——"

The warning had come too late, for a shower of sparks alighting on Lona's skirt had rapidly kindled the flimsy fabric, and rushing upwards like a fiery tongue, seized upon the fluttering ends of the hanging lace scarf surrounding her neck and shoulders.

She was only conscious of a slight prickling sensation on her cheeks and forehead, for before she had time to realize the extent of her danger, Lona felt herself unceremoniously caught up in Christian's arms, and both their figures enveloped in a stinging cloud of flame, he was bearing her off towards the mill-stream scarce three paces off. A momentary sensation of scorching heat, too short to be completely realized, promptly succeeded by a tremendous splash and a plunge into icy cold water, and then she found herself standing once more upon *terra-firma* in drenched and dripping garments, but with a

growing sense of overflowing joy getting the better of the bewilderment of the moment.

The whole incident had not occupied above three minutes, but within that short space of time there had been crowded a whole eternity of sensations and emotions ; doubt was no longer possible, for as she had lain helpless and captive, enfolded within those strong arms that were bearing her with almost elemental force through fire and water, Lona knew without need of further word or explanation that she loved Christian Schwerteneck and was loved in return.

"I beg your pardon," he was now saying, looking down at her drenched and draggled garments, "there was no time to explain, and when I saw you on fire there was nothing to be done but just to get you under water as rapidly as possible. I hope you did not find it very unpleasant?"

"Well, rather," confessed Lona, laughing despite her chattering teeth. "It was not exactly warm, you know, and St. Sophia ought to be thoroughly satisfied now that she has got a cold Lona to keep her company."

"Cold?" exclaimed Christian, who, like a large Newfoundland dog that merely feels refreshed by a plunge into its favourite element, had not yet had time to consider this aspect of the situation. "Why, you are shivering, I declare. What a blundering idiot I was not to have thought of that at once. We must get you home without delay ; and here, put on my fur-lined driving coat," he added, suiting the action to the word. "That will keep out the chill far more effectively than your loose-flapping mantle."

The walk from the Garden of Eden to the castle was performed almost in silence, speech being indeed incompatible with the furious haste wherewith Lona, her arm tightly clasped within Christian's, found herself borne along, as on the wings of a mighty blast. When, however, breathless and panting, all aglow from the effects of the brisk exercise, that as by magic had dispelled all trace of chilliness, she found herself safely landed in the entrance-hall, Lona suddenly realized that she had not even fulfilled the conventional obligation of expressing her gratitude to the man whose prompt acting and admirable presence of mind had probably been instrumental in saving her from a horrible death.

"I do not know how to thank you," she stammered, holding out her hand in tardy acknowledgment of his service.

"The other hand, if you don't mind," said Christian, smiling. "Oh, it is nothing," he added, reassuringly, as Lona uttered an exclamation of dismay on catching sight of the raw and blistered right hand that he had been endeavouring to hide in his pocket. "Slightly scorched, that is all, and smarts a little just at first; but you, too, have not come altogether scatheless out of the fiery ordeal. Perhaps you are not aware that the hair on your forehead is rather badly singed?"

As Lona put up her hand mechanically to investigate the damage, one of the little golden curls that had so becomingly adorned her brow, came off bodily between her fingers.

"Dear me! What a fright I must look!" she exclaimed, contemplating the little wisp of hair with an expression of comical dismay. "But it serves me right, I suppose, for being so obstinate about those fires," she added, tossing it away with a careless gesture.

The lock of hair released from Lona's grasp, fluttered for a moment in the air like a golden moth, but ere it had time to alight on the ground Christian sprang forward and caught it in his fingers, which closed over it with an air of possession.

"I may keep this lock of hair," he said, looking her directly in the face and in a tone of voice more resembling an assertion than a petition.

"If you really care for anything so worthless as a ringlet of singed hair——" Lona was beginning rather weakly, but he interrupted her with a broad gesture that seemed sweepingly to wave aside the pretty, conventional words as something too utterly flimsy and puerile for the actual situation.

"You must know that I care; but what you do not know is how much, nor for how long I have cared. I shall write to your grandfather this very day, and when I have received his permission, I shall be free to speak at last; free to tell you the whole story of that broken anchor, and of something else that was buried there four years ago."

Though the clock scarcely marked five o'clock, the May morning had meanwhile developed to perfect and harmonious beauty, showing no trace of the fierce battle that had lately been waged against the forces of nature. St. Sophia, ignominiously worsted, had retired discomfited, abandoning the field to the triumphant sunshine now pouring down in unrestricted force and brilliancy upon the sea of blossoms that

were gradually emerging from their vapoury curtains. The frost fires had done their work, and the promise of the fruit harvest was safe for the nonce. All nature seemed to be rejoicing over this happy conclusion; all the birds overhead appeared to be singing a loud *Te Deum* of thanksgiving over the glorious, the brilliant victory just achieved.

It was not of how the fruit-trees had been saved that Christian was thinking just now, as he strode down the avenue, but of that other blossom, the fairest of all, that was now—how could he doubt it—his own, his very own!

"Lona! Lona! Lona!" the blackbirds and thrushes were calling to each other quite plainly, as they flew to and fro, making a joyous commotion around their nests in the old trees above, and when, having left the park, a skylark rising close to his feet soared heavenwards, to be presently lost to sight, its voice, faint and sweet, still reached his ears, reiterating the enchanting words: "She is yours! She is yours, at last!"

Mechanically his feet had borne him back to the spot which half an hour ago had been the scene of such dramatic events; the bonfires had meanwhile burnt down to low, smouldering heaps, and the spot was deserted but for one solitary figure half-way down the row. It was that of Herr Pergen, who, standing in front of one of these smoking and deserted heaps, with the point of his boot was moodily poking at the smouldering ashes, finding apparently some covert satisfaction in causing them to fly over the orchard like a swarm of ragged white butterflies, to alight at random upon the frosty grass-blades or dew-laden daisies and buttercups.

He raised his head as Christian approached, looking at him across the smouldering bonfire with an expression of sullen defiance on his ugly, bull-dog face:

"Herr von Schwerteneck," he said, with clumsy and portentous gravity, as he tossed away the stump of his cigar. "You called me a fool just now, and before witnesses, too. You are aware, I presume, of what that amounts to between gentlemen, and are prepared, of course, to give me the satisfaction customary in such cases?"



## CHAPTER XI.

## DEGRADATION.

A WEEK had passed away since the cold Sophia had turned her back on the country in grumbling discontent at the ignominious defeat she had sustained, yet Christian Schwerteneck had not shown himself at Castle Stillberg or given any other sign of life.

"Why, oh why does he not come?" pondered Lona, as day after day went by without bringing sign or message such as she had expected to receive. Surely she had not misconstrued his meaning when he had told her that he would write to her grandfather, and would come again in order to finish that mysterious story of the broken anchor on the old beech-tree which time had made whole again? What else indeed could these words have meant but that he loved her, and was only waiting a formal permission to say with his own lips that which she had guessed long ago? How, then, explain this unaccountable procrastination so at variance with his obvious impatience hitherto? Something had evidently gone wrong, but what, oh what could it be? Perhaps he was ill from the effects of his immersion in the cold water, through having remained for some hours in his damp clothes, although he himself had laughed to scorn the idea of any harm coming to him from such a trifle.

Christian was, however, in perfect health, as casually transpired a few days later through Herr Burghard, who, having driven out to Fahrafeld on some business errand, had there been informed that Herr von Schwerteneck had gone away upon important business, nor was it known when precisely he would return.

He learned there, moreover, that Herr Pergen had packed up and departed from Fahrafeld rather suddenly on the day succeeding the frost fires, and there was a vague but general impression that a difference between pupil and master had led to this result; or as young Müller had more forcibly put it, "There must have been the deuce of a shindy between Schwerteneck and Pergen, for the latter had gone off looking as black as any number of thunderclouds, declaring that it was incompatible with his dignity as a reserve officer to remain longer under the roof of a man who appeared so imperfectly to understand the obligations of his rank and caste."

This story, repeated to Lona by the overseer, instead of throwing light upon the matter, only served to enhance the mystery regarding Christian Schwerteneck's curious behaviour. If he had really quarrelled with the bull-dog-faced young man and had been obliged to turn him off at short notice, how could such an apparently trivial circumstance have any influence upon his conduct with regard to herself? The mere supposition was an absurdity.

The rest of the month passed away without bringing the desired explanation, but when June set in a series of vague rumours creeping over the country began to connect Herr von Schwerteneck's long absence from Fahrafeld with the fact of a duel that either had been, or was going to be fought, between himself and young Pergen. According to one version, the meeting had already taken place, with deadly result to one of the two opponents; while another story as confidently asserted that Pergen had shown the white feather and fled the country in order to escape an encounter with such a formidable swordsman as Schwerteneck was known to be, and was even now being pursued by his would-be antagonist, who was determined to wreak his righteous vengeance upon him.

As is usual in such cases, when popular fancy, let loose upon a slender basis of fact, resorts to fiction through lack of definite knowledge, all these various assumptions were wildly wide of the mark; and when the true facts came to be known their effect upon all minds was as startling and unexpected as a bolt from the blue.

Christian Schwerteneck had fought no duel, nor was he thinking of doing so. He had indeed been challenged by Herr Pergen because of an opprobrious epithet which in a moment of pardonable excitement had escaped his lips, but he had refused to accept the cartel for no more logical reason than because, as he asserted, it was contrary to his religious and moral principles to fight a duel. He belonged to the Anti-duel Liga, and had passed his word never to give or accept a challenge of this sort.

And this time there could be no manner of doubt as to the authenticity of the story, the chief details of which, presently set forth in all the newspapers of the country, were briefly as follows:

When, greatly to young Pergen's surprise, his challenge had been refused on the aforementioned grounds, that pugnacious and

incensed youth, who, like Schwerteneck, rejoiced in the dignity of being a reserve officer, had, according to prevalent custom, officially reported the matter to the headquarters of the cavalry regiment to which, as so happened, they both still nominally belonged. An investigation being inevitable under the circumstances, Christian was summoned to render an account of his extraordinary conduct before the regimental court of honour.

To many of the officers serving in the 25th Dragoon Regiment, Christian Schwerteneck was personally known as a man of established courage and integrity, an expert swordsman and bold rider, whose oft-tested bravery was above suspicion; and they one and all felt convinced that when inquired into this preposterous charge would turn out to be a mere hollow piece of malicious calumny, whose utter fallacy could not fail to be triumphantly proved.

But the court of honour was for once out of its reckoning. Captain von Schwerteneck attempted no defence, condescended to no explanations, and had, moreover, no idea of tendering an apology to the man who considered himself to have been insulted by him. Yes, he believed that he remembered having called Herr Pergen a fool, or something to that effect. He had no desire to retract his words, for in his opinion a man who, despite serious warning, insists upon flourishing a flaming branch in close proximity to a lady's gown, setting her on fire, and narrowly escaping a fatal accident, has richly deserved this or even a graver reprimand.

There was obvious sense and logic in this answer, as everyone tacitly perceived; clearly the wrong in this quarrel was entirely on Pergen's side, yet the quarrel was there, the challenge had been passed; exceedingly awkward facts that could not be blinked at, since the rigid code of military honour demands that differences between men of equal social standing can be settled only in one fashion. The right or wrong of the primary cause of discord was here irrelevant. Why, then—since Pergen, who although an unlicked young cub and scarcely an ornament to the regiment, was yet undoubtedly "satisfactionsfähig"—did not Schwerteneck fight the foolish fellow and have done with it? Was it really conceivable that he could be pig-headed enough morally to cut his own throat in this preposterous fashion by going against all time-honoured canons of honour and chivalry?

Pig-headed, however, Christian Schwerteneck proved to be,

to the infinite disgust of his former comrades, who with unmitigated surprise and a good deal of covert regret were, after a long and fruitless debate, obliged to pronounce the verdict that declared Captain Schwerteneck to be unworthy of retaining his rank of officer in his Imperial Majesty's army.

No matter that the sentence, when formulated, sounded somewhat weak and hollow even in the ears of those who had pronounced it; that the words "cowardice" or "dishonour" refused to adapt themselves to the idea conveyed by the personality of this broad-shouldered, ruddy-haired young giant, whose very smile, calm and serenely disdainful, seemed to place him so immeasurably above and beyond the quibbling pettifoggery of these serio-comic proceedings—all this was beside the point and could not for a moment be suffered to influence their decision. It is neither desired nor expected of the court of honour that it should trouble itself about any such subtle problems, involving a psychological analysis of morals and motives. Its mission is solely to deal with facts, its duties and responsibilities clear and imperative.

Thus the man who, as the slayer of his cousin seven years previously, had retired from the regiment with honour unstained and the unimpaired esteem of his comrades, was now ignominiously dismissed from its ranks because he had declined to repeat the harrowing experience of shedding the blood of a foolish and irresponsible fellow-creature.

The news of Christian Schwerteneck's degradation, soon scattered broadcast over the country through the medium of many Viennese and local papers, caused a great sensation among his country neighbours, who during the five years that he had dwelt among them, had been able to form a tolerably just estimate of the worth and character of this singular man who had so ruthlessly decided to set at nought one of the most arbitrary laws of his rank and caste. Yet even now, though officially branded as a poltroon to whom the name of gentleman could no longer be applied, a puzzled sense of the almost ludicrous incongruity of this result could not fail to take possession of many minds. Some were of opinion that Schwerteneck must be suffering from temporary mental derangement; while all were unanimous in pronouncing that, sane or insane, he had made an irretrievable mess of the whole business by thus placing himself voluntarily in the wrong, when at the outset every right and the sympathy of all had been clearly on his side.

The circumstances, moreover, were generally conceded to have been singularly unfortunate. Had Herr von Schwerteneck, for instance, chosen to apply the opprobrious term *fool* to young Müller instead of Pergen, the matter would have ended there without further consequences. Herr Müller's father had been a respectable shop-keeper, and having been exempted from military service on account of a slight ocular defect, he was alike unadorned and unhampered by the nominal rank of reserve officer. Any one, in fact, might have dubbed Müller a fool without being the worse for it. He had not the dubious privilege of being "satisfactionsfähig," like Pergen, who, though universally acknowledged to be far the greater fool of the two, must necessarily be regarded as a social equal, and as belonging to that favoured caste to which exclusively belongs the privilege of shedding human blood.

But as things had unfortunately turned out, there was nothing to be done. Schwerteneck's social position was ruined; and for the gentlemen of the district he henceforth no more existed than if, having accepted the challenge, he had been pierced through the heart by the blade of his opponent.

---

## CHAPTER XII.

### IPSE DIXIT.

To Castle Stillberg the news of these events came later than to most other places. Attila rarely read a newspaper, and there were no habitual visitors to provide for the wholesome circulation of gossip and scandal that so greatly tend to enliven existence amid the stagnating dulness of country life. But news of this kind inevitably arrives in the end, walls and gratings being as incapable of arresting its progress, as hedges and palings are inefficient to check the distribution of thistledown wafted over the land by capricious and irresponsible breezes.

And so, by-and-bye, the tale of Christian's social and military degradation found its way into a small local paper patronized by Herr Burghard; and a few hours later one of the castle servants knew that Herr von Schwerteneck had been guilty of some deeply disgraceful act, whose precise definition, however, escaped their limited intelligence, since it was not to be found amongst the seven deadly sins, nor appeared to bear any

reference to a transgression of one of the Ten Commandments. But the servants, as befitted the retainers of an old and distinguished family, were of course aware that the sins and virtues of the "quality" cannot always be measured by Bible or catechism standard, which is, of course, only applicable to simple folk devoid of culture.

From the servants' hall the news had first reached Lona's ears through her maid, albeit in such a confused and disjointed form as to convey no rational idea to her mind.

"Minna, you are talking nonsense," she said, severely, when the rambling and disconnected narrative had come to an end. "The mere idea of Herr von Schwerteneck having done something dishonourable is absurd. You are evidently making some ridiculous mistake."

"But it is printed in the paper, Fräulein Baroness," returned Minna, humbly. "So how could there be any mistake? Herr Burghard read it aloud to cook and the gardener, and I heard it with my own ears."

"Where is the paper? Bring it to me at once," demanded Lona, imperiously. "I shall not believe a word of this monstrous tale until I read it with my own eyes. And not even then," she added, *sotto voce*.

It then transpired that the paper in question had been laid hold of by old Pista, who had hobbled off with it to Attila's study, with a view to providing some slight diversion for the gloomy and taciturn old nobleman. Like a faithful dog, grown stiff and grey in the service of the only master he had known since puppyhood, Pista was the one privileged being who might dare to invade those private apartments at any hour of the day or night, unsummoned and unrebuked.

Attila, who had now passed his eighty-sixth birthday, was aging rapidly, and his hold upon a life that had once held so many, now vanished gifts, seemed to be relaxing day by day. He had done with the world, and the world had done with him; and even Lona, his last surviving descendant, failed to inspire him with any vivid interest, with any feeling warmer than a sort of indolent tolerance that owed its origin more to habit than to heart. He never cared to inquire how and where she spent the greater part of her time; and their daily intercourse was mostly confined to meeting at meals, which they still took together in the large ancestral hall whose vast dimensions were so ludicrously disproportionate to the desolate trio; all that

now remained of the large and bright family circle of former days.

It was therefore quite an unusual, not to say audacious action, on Lona's part to think of entering her grandfather's study uninvited. But on this occasion the suspense of waiting till supper-time was not to be endured or thought of. She must at once know the truth of that absurd tale that had set the servants' tongues a-wagging; and to ascertain the truth was in Lona's mind synonymous with refutation of the ridiculous charge.

Opening the study door she found her grandfather seated in front of a table littered with newspapers. At her entrance he looked up with slightly surprised inquiry in his eyes.

"Grandpapa," began Lona somewhat nervously, suddenly conscious of the difficulty of broaching the subject with which her heart was full to bursting. "You are reading the papers, and that is why I came to ask you if—if there is any news?"

"News? Since when have you developed such an extraordinary interest in politics? Is that to be your latest fad now that you have wearied of sick-nursing?"

Disregarding the covert sneer she went on bravely, though it cost a supreme effort to pursue the subject:

"It is not politics exactly—although there is surely no harm in knowing what is going on in the world—but I heard something about somebody, about one of our neighbours in fact. Minna has been telling me such a ridiculous story about Herr von Schwerteneck, and I cannot make head nor tail out of her silly chatter, but she says it is in the paper Burghard brought here this afternoon."

"Chatter or no chatter the story is here, as you can see for yourself. Here is the paper; I was reading it just before you came."

Lona pounced like a hawk upon the paper, and though at first the letters seemed to flicker before her burning eyes like the delirious dance of a crowd of mocking black goblins, by degrees the mist cleared away and she was able to read on steadily to the end of the paragraph setting forth in unmistakable terms the fact that Christian von Schwerteneck, late Captain in the 25th Dragoons, had been deprived of his military rank; such dignity being incompatible with the conduct of a man who had refused the challenge of one of his equals.

"There must be some mistake! What does it mean?" she



stammered incoherently in the first revulsion of horrified surprise.

"Mean? What else but that Schwerteneck has refused to fight young Pergen. I was surprised I confess, for who should ever have believed that a big strong fellow like that would show the white feather? But there can be no possible mistake about the matter, for I find the story corroborated in the *Grazer Tagespost* of an earlier date, which I had not opened before. Both paragraphs are taken from the official announcement that appeared in the *Army Gazette* a week or ten days ago. There is no earthly possibility of doubting the truth."

"No possibility of doubting the truth," repeated Lona blankly and stupidly. Then with slowly re-awakening intelligence she was moved to add: "But after all what does that signify? It can make no difference to—to us?"

"No difference at all," agreed Attila readily. "We shall only have one neighbour the less. Schwerteneck was not a very frequent visitor here since your brother's death, at any rate, and now of course he will stay away altogether."

"Stay away! Do you mean that he will never come here again?"

"Really Lona," said Attila testily, "you are certainly most extraordinarily dense to-day in failing to grasp such a simple matter. How can any sane man desire or attempt to impose his presence where he knows that it is unwelcome? There will be no need to forbid him the house, since his own common sense will tell him plainly enough that my door must always remain closed to one who has disgraced himself by refusing a challenge. Make your mind easy, he will not venture to show his face here again without an express invitation, which under the circumstances will scarcely be forthcoming."

And Attila well pleased with what he considered to be an excellent joke, laughed loudly and harshly at his own witticism.

But instead of joining in the laugh as he had expected, to his unbounded astonishment, not to say disgust, Lona sank into a chair, suddenly breaking down into a violent fit of almost hysterical weeping that for some minutes rendered further discussion impossible.

"What do you mean?" Attila sternly inquired a few minutes later, when her sobs having somewhat abated, speech seemed again practicable, "what is Schwerteneck to you that his disgrace

should affect you in this manner? Can it be possible that you have engaged yourself to him without my knowledge?"

"No—not engaged. But he said something that led me to suppose. It was that morning of the "Kalte Sophie," when he saved me from burning. And if this had not happened to delay him I feel sure he would have come to you long since to ask for my hand."

Attila breathed a sigh of relief.

"Not engaged—then luckily there is no harm done, and you may thank your stars for a fortunate escape. It would have made an awkward complication to break off the engagement. I grant it is a little hard on you to have had two such disappointments in succession," he added, with a clumsy touch of rough good nature. "But cheer up, Lona, and never mind. You are twice as handsome as you were five years ago, and now that you are a rich woman, thanks to that old carpet-maker's money, you can yet marry whom you please. You are not likely to be further molested now by Schwerteneck. If he still be possessed of a spark of gentlemanly feeling he cannot but be aware that he has no right to offer a tarnished name to a wealthy heiress like yourself. In any case it would have been dishonourable to do so—it would be doubly so now, considering your relative positions. Of course you could never have married a man who has been guilty of dishonour."

"No, of course not," echoed Lona mechanically, as she turned to leave the room.

## *Flotsam and Jetsam.*

### **Science and the Origin of Life.**

UNDOUBTEDLY there is nothing which is more likely to discredit the name of Science than the monstrous claims constantly put forth as if in her name, by those who have no warrant to speak on her behalf—claims which every true man of science knows to be quite ridiculous. A few months ago, sensational headlines in certain newspapers strove to startle the world with the assurance that the mystery of life's origins had at length been solved, and that the experiments of Mr. J. Butler Burke with his "Radiobes" had conclusively proved spontaneous generation to be a fact—thus bridging the chasm which such men as Huxley and Tyndall had found impassable; and as it is from the more popular forms of periodical literature that the great majority of men get their Science, rather than from any more authentic source, the opinion is widely entertained that this great fundamental problem has been set at rest for ever.

Mr. Burke himself, being a genuine man of science, never gave any countenance to such extravagant pretensions, and he has now explicitly disowned them, though it is to be feared that journals which regard Science, like everything else, solely as a means for enticing readers to buy their extra specials will not be likely to give much prominence to his disclaimer, even should they think it worth their while to mention it at all.

Lecturing before the Röntgen Society, on December the 7th, Mr. Burke said that he did not think his experiments with radium upon gelatine media bore directly, at least for the present, on the problem of the origin of life, nor even that the knowledge hitherto acquired is likely to throw much light on the question of spontaneous generation, for, what they had resulted in producing is but a kind of artificial semblance of life which is not in reality life at all. His theory, he declared, is not that these products are living things, but that possibly they

correspond with some simple inchoate forms approaching towards life in the remote past. For himself, he is firmly convinced that spontaneous generation did once occur ; but, as he acknowledges, there is no evidence beyond analogy, and the law of continuity, to prove such generation to be possible. Apparently, he does not even claim for his "cultures" that they represent the actual ancestors of living things, but rather early forms which were so inefficient as to be crushed out in the struggle for existence by their more vigorous rivals from which life as it exists has been derived. And these true progenitors remain yet to be discovered.

---

**Vox popularis aurae.**

That fame is of its nature fleeting and ephemeral has ever been a commonplace with poets and moralists, and an example lately noticed by the *Freitagszeitung* of Zurich suffices to show that even the name of Science herself does not avail to exempt those who shelter themselves under her wing from the operation of such a law.

Professor Haeckel has recently been thrust upon the notice of the world as the most modern and up-to-date representative of the materialistic and purely rationalistic philosophy ; but signs begin to appear that he is already becoming antiquated. One of his most enthusiastic supporters has always been the *Tagblatt* of Berlin, and so lately as April last this journal was wont to speak of him in terms than which eulogy could no further go. But since then things have happened, and when in June his Berlin addresses were given to the world, the same journal thus delivered itself concerning them :

Haeckel's pronouncements are as devoid of grace as of literary power. Of words, indeed, there is no lack, words old and new, words burnished up to sparkle, words effete and dead, are forthcoming in season and out of season. . . . Heads like Haeckel's are of some service as battering-rams in the rude assault upon clericalism.

Such is the exalted function assigned by his anti-clerical friends to the newest and most scientific of philosophers.

**Mr. Herbert Paul on Campian.**

Mr. Herbert Paul's *Life of Froude* is a somewhat remarkable book. Not without some good qualities, such as frankness and literary skill, it falls into the usual fault of biographies, that of lauding to the echo everything which its hero said and wrote. This leads to curious results. Froude's faults are confessed and denied almost in the same breath, and a curious line of defence is sometimes attempted. It seems as if the writer were occasionally trying to palliate one or other of Froude's paradoxes by saying that he might really have been more paradoxical still. Father Edmund Campian has been in one case the victim of this odd craze for out-Heroding Herod, and, passing over all else, let us hear what he has written on this topic :

Catholics still revere Carlo Borromeo, Cardinal Archbishop of Milan, who gave his blessing to Campian and Parsons, on their way to stir up rebellion in England, as well as in Ireland, and to assassinate Elizabeth if opportunity should serve. God said, "Thou shalt do no murder." The Pope, however, thought that God had spoken too broadly, and that some qualification was required. The sixth commandment could not have been intended for the protection of heretics ; and the Jesuits, if they did not inspire, at least believed him. Campian is regarded by thousands of good men and women, who would not hurt a fly, as a martyr to the faith, and to the faith as he conceived it he was a martyr. He endured torture and death without flinching rather than acknowledge that Elizabeth was lawful Sovereign over the whole English realm. His courage was splendid. There never, for the matter of that, was a braver man than Guy Fawkes. But when Campian pretended that his mission to England was purely religious, he was tampering with words in order to deceive. To him the removal of Elizabeth would have been a religious act. The Queen did all she could to make him save his life by recantation, even applying the cruel and lawless machinery of the rack. If his errand had been merely to preach what he regarded as Catholic truth, she would have let him go, as she checked the persecuting tendencies of her Bishops over and over again. But it was as much her duty to defend England from the invasion of the Jesuits as to defend her from the invasion of the Spanish Armada. Both indeed were parts of one and the same enterprise, the forcible reduction of England to dependence upon the Catholic powers. Although in God's good providence it was foiled, it very nearly succeeded ; and if Elizabeth had not removed Campian, Campian might, as Babington certainly would, have removed her.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Pp. 140, 141.

Perhaps the first thing one ought to say about this little romance is that it seems to be a fabrication of Mr. Paul's own unaided imagination. Mr. Froude gives it no countenance. His conception of the great missionary is, for him, not illiberal, and not much at variance with fact. Mr. Paul is, I believe, the first and only writer who has accused Campion of being a murderer by profession, and this without one word of proof, one hint that the charge was new. Vague insinuations, such as that of the Pope's yearning for the assassination of the heretical queen, and of the Jesuits "inspiring if they did not believe him," are of course the commonplaces of the anti-Catholic gutter-press, but with Mr. Froude they were certainly not habitual, indeed, I do not recollect any libel in him so disreputable.

Next, let us turn to the less surprising errors. The Jesuits are of course introduced as going to England "to stir up rebellion." They went, in fact, bearing what was practically a retraction of the deposing clauses of the Bull of Excommunication. Campion, we are told, "endured torture and death without flinching rather than acknowledge that Elizabeth was lawful Sovereign over the whole English realm;" in fact he acknowledged Elizabeth as his Queen at all times, and he died with an acknowledgment of her upon his lips, which has been carefully recorded by Mr. Froude himself.

"He endured without flinching . . . his courage was splendid." This encomium is added, I fear, with a view of adding the depreciating parallel with Guy Fawkes which follows. In fact this was not precisely the praise which Campion really deserves. He had to make, and made upon the scaffold an apology for want of courage and prudence, in that he had not maintained fidelity to some of his fellow-Catholics. The apology indeed atoned for the failing, but it shows with what little concern for truth Mr. Paul writes.

The idea of the Queen "doing *all* she could to save . . . his life *even* by applying the cruel and lawless machinery of the rack," brings in a touch of the humorous, for which we are duly grateful. Fancy the tender-hearted Tudor, torn with anxiety to save life, and prescribing first one, then another of her gentle persuasives, until she had exhausted them *all*. Yet the obdurate Jesuit cannot be "made to save his life" by renouncing his right to practise the "religious act" of assassinating his compassionate Sovereign. With a liberality, for which no one heretofore gave her credit, she pressed him to go "to preach

what he regarded as Catholic truth." But he, though used to "tamper with words in order to deceive," and though he had hitherto "pretended that his mission was purely religious," now unaccountably refuses what he had hitherto professed to desire. To renounce his sacred rights was too dear a price, he prefers death. How getting killed himself will assist his object of killing her, is not explained. But after all that has gone before, this is only a trifle.

Unfortunately, there are bigots, and plenty of them, who will swallow at one gulp all Mr. Paul's nonsense and more. They will believe that Elizabeth's severities were only undertaken "to defend her from the invasion of the Spanish Armada," where every one, who is able to distinguish cause from effect, knows that the Armada resulted (years later) from an unprincipled policy, of which cruelty to Jesuits was but one manifestation.

Mr. Paul's series of paradoxes therefore is not redeemed by its stupidity. There can be no defence, no excuse for the libel which he brings, without a vestige of proof, against one who is "regarded as a martyr by thousands of good men and women." Considering then the acknowledged reputation of the man attacked, the gravity of the charge, and the levity with which it is brought, we cannot but consider Mr. Paul's attack on Campion as offensive as any which has of late been addressed to a literary audience.

J. H. P.



## *Reviews.*

---

### I.—THE CLOSE OF THE APOSTOLIC AGE.<sup>1</sup>

THE many students who have learnt to value the Abbé Fouard's contributions to the history of our Lord's time and that of His Apostles will have felt deeply grieved on hearing of his recent death. What extension of his original plan he would have been led to make had he lived on one does not know, but it is at least a consolation that he should have been spared to complete—or rather make it possible for his executors to complete—this volume on St. John; for to complete this was to carry down his inquiries to the end of the Apostolic age.

He follows the same sensible method here as in his former works. He has his eyes always on the questions raised by the Higher Criticism, but he realizes that the soundest way of weighing these questions is not so much by critical discussion of detailed points, but by endeavouring to realize the true lie of the facts taken as an organic whole. Accordingly he pieces together the various elements of the history into a connected narrative, with the aid of the contemporary literature and a careful comparison of the New Testament writings among themselves, and by so doing he serves alike the requirements of the apologist and of the devout Bible-reader. Not that he carries his illustrations from contemporary literature and kindred sources to the same extent as writers like Farrar or Lewin. He is abstemious in this respect, and we get from him very little word-painting. And yet he knows how to bring the situations forcibly home to us, so as to enable us to feel exactly what St. John (and St. Clement of Rome) had in view when writing, and so to penetrate into their meaning, and the form in which they convey it.

The political events which affected the Church during the second half of the first century were the destruction of Jerusalem in 67, the time of peace under the first two Flavian Emperors, and

<sup>1</sup> *St. John and the Close of the Apostolic Age.* By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Authorized Translation London and New York: Longmans, Green, and Co.

the persecution mainly directed against the wealthy classes which Domitian set going during the last two years of a reign which, during the previous fifteen years, had been reasonably fair and tolerant. The destruction of Jerusalem, whilst radically changing the status of the Jews, shifted the centre of gravity for the Christian Church. The Judaizing Christians retired to Pella, and ceased to be an influential body, whilst the Gentile Christians, amongst whom Jews of the Diaspora were interspersed, gathered round Rome and Ephesus, to which latter city the last of the Apostles came on leaving the Holy Land. The peace under Vespasian and Titus, and in the early years of Domitian, allowed the new faith to make considerable progress in Rome and elsewhere, and prepared the Christians for the ordeal of persecution through which they were so soon to pass. It was this persecution which in all probability brought St. John to his torments before the Latin Gate, and certainly led to his exile among the convicts of Patmos. Here the Apocalypse was written, as we know, partly to preserve the Christians of Asia from the evil influences of the Nicolaites; partly to sustain them under the stress of the persecution. The Fourth Gospel was not written till after the death of the tyrant and the return of the Apostle to Ephesus. It was occasioned by the rise of the Cerinthian heresy, which distinguished between Jesus and the Christ, and denied divinity to the former. These are the subjects with which this volume is occupied; and we may call special attention to the excellent analysis of the Apocalypse. To expound that book with any certainty is likely to be impossible for a long time to come, but the Abbé Fouard gives a very intelligible interpretation of it.

The translation is good on the whole, but it is irritating to find from time to time phrases which cannot be called English, *e.g.*, "midmost the scene of devastation," "minds that glimpsed the living Spirit," "wonted to a life of retirement," "John misprizes," and the antiquated spelling, "behooved." The Contents writer, too, twice spells "Corinthus" for "Cerinthus."

---

## 2.—SCHOLASTIC PHILOSOPHY.<sup>1</sup>

That a text-book of Scholastic Philosophy should hail from a Cistercian Monastery is not what the world would expect,

<sup>1</sup> *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ in usum adolescentium.* Vol. iii. Pars 12, Theologia Naturalis. Dublin: Browne and Nolan.

but the *Summula Philosophiæ Scholasticæ*, of which the third volume is now before us, is evidence of the care of the good monks of Mount Melleray for the formation of their candidates for the clerical state. There is, indeed, nothing original in this *Summula*, indeed, it would be difficult to be original in a subject-matter which has been discussed and expounded in innumerable works during several centuries. But it has the merit of clear statement—no easy merit to attain—and so far forth facilitates the task of the student. The special feature of the book is in the apt quotations from modern writers which are given in illustration of the text, in a series of English footnotes. A good deal of space is given to the vexed question of the *scientia media*, in treating which the author takes the side of the Molinists; and here, in the footnotes, he supports his own position by extracts, among which are some from the Dominican Father Papagni,—himself apparently a Molinist.

---

### 3.—GREAT CATHOLIC LAYMEN.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Horgan has given us an excellent and most practical book. As Dr. Sheehan well observes in his introduction to the volume, there has been hitherto, especially in these islands, an unaccountable dearth of Catholic biographies, apart from the Lives of Saints. Yet as nothing is so potent as example, no better means can be found of stimulating loyal children of the Church to do their duty, than to let them see what has actually been done for the service of God and His Church by men in every sphere, and it is evidently of special importance that those whose life must perforce be largely absorbed in secular pursuits, should be made to realize what others in similar or less favourable conditions have been able to accomplish.

With this purpose, Mr. Horgan has made a selection of eight notable public characters, representing very various lines of life and activity,—Andrew Hofer, the Tyrolean patriot, Gabriel Garcia Moreno, President of Ecuador; Frederic Ozanam, Founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul; Montalembert; Frederick Lucas; Windhorst, the great chief of the Catholic party in Germany; Pasteur; and Daniel

<sup>1</sup> *Great Catholic Laymen*. By John L. Horgan. Dublin: Catholic Truth Society of Ireland. 1905. Pp. xiv., 388. v. Four shillings.

O'Connell. Of each of these he gives an excellent biography, in which the Catholic note is strongly emphasized, but which apart from this furnishes a capital sketch of the political, social, literary, and scientific work which they respectively performed.

To take one example, which will forcibly appeal to many in these days when science reigns supreme, and is made responsible for so much, in the chapter devoted to Pasteur will be found a very complete and clear account of the discoveries by which he forced himself, from the humblest and least propitious beginnings, to the very front rank among scientific men. And when he had attained to so undisputed a position he could still say, "The more I know, the more nearly does my faith approach that of the Breton peasant. Could I but know all, my faith would doubtless equal even that of the Breton peasant woman."

---

#### 4—CATHOLIC LONDON A CENTURY AGO.<sup>1</sup>

Mgr. Ward's *Catholic London a Century Ago* challenges comparison by its name and subject-matter with Miss Harting's *Catholic London Missions*, but although to a certain extent they travel over the same ground they follow a different plan, Miss Harting going back further into past history and giving on the whole fuller details of the particular missions, Mgr. Ward confining himself, approximately, to the last hundred years, and including a wider survey of the Catholic life of the time. Thus the two books supplement each other usefully; and this not only in their text, but also in their plates—for as against Miss Harting's twenty-two Mgr. Ward has thirty-two, no one of which is identical with any of Miss Harting's, though one or two give other portraits of the same subject. These plates form an interesting collection which was well worth having, but evidently cost him considerable pains to get together. Three of the portraits, those of Bishops Hussey and Bramston, and of Mr. Charles Butler, are really fine, and are well reproduced.

Mgr. Ward begins with an account of the sad dissensions between the Vicars Apostolic and the leaders of the Catholic laity during the days of the Committee of Ten, and of the

<sup>1</sup> *Catholic London a Century Ago*. By Bernard Ward, Canon of Westminster. London: Catholic Truth Society.

Cisalpine Club. It is a subject about which others have written, but he goes, if we recollect rightly, beyond previous writers in striving to get at the true inwardness of the quarrel. It certainly sounds bad enough that the laity should ignore the clergy altogether in their negotiations for Emancipation, and still worse that they should plead in excuse that they "only wanted to secure (their own) persons and property." And yet these same laymen were most edifying in their daily life, in the punctuality of their prayers and fastings, and the regularity of their attendance at Mass and sacraments, and were conspicuous for their charity to the Church and to the poor. But the fact is that they had been accustomed for many generations to rule, and resented the exercise of episcopal jurisdiction which was now rendered practically possible by the mitigation of the penal laws. Out of the quarrel between the Vicars Apostolic and the leading laity grew the quarrel between Bishops Milner and Poynter. Undoubtedly to Bishop Milner we owe it that the Catholic Church in England is now so absolutely free from State interference, and yet in no way incurs the suspicions of the civil powers. But it was desirable to have the case stated on behalf of Bishop Poynter, who, judged by Husenbeth's *Life of Milner*, would not appear to have acted creditably. Mgr. Ward calls our attention to this other side. Bishop Milner had the vice of his virtue. In his downrightness he was far too one-sided in his judgment, and harsh in his language about his fellow-Bishop as about the Cisalpine laity. Bishop Poynter's character was cast in a gentler mood. He saw the good side in the laity, and hoped by humouring them to avert the danger without allowing them to drift into permanent hostility. It may be that in pursuing this end he was prepared for concessions, which, but for Milner's resoluteness, would have passed down to us as a baneful inheritance, still Mgr. Ward thinks, and probably with reason, that it was the result of his conciliatory tactics that the quarrel between Bishops and laity, which on his accession to the episcopate was particularly virulent, had by the end of it almost died out.

We have dwelt on this episode as of historical interest, but the majority of readers will find their interest rather in the accounts of the missions and mission-chapels now extinct or rebuilt, or else in the numerous incidents of Catholic life as it was in those days. Such are the interview between Bishop

Douglass and Mr. Henry Digby Beste at "the Castle"—that is, the episcopal residence at 4, Castle Street, Holborn; or Bishop Challoner's sermons at the "Ship" in Little Turnstile, to an audience sitting round tables on which were pots of beer; or of the great gatherings of French royalties and aristocrats at St. Patrick's, Soho, or Little George Street; or of the origin of the Benevolent and the Laudable Societies, both of which were due to the initiative of poor men; or of the grandiloquent toasts, like that of Father M'Donnell, which were considered appropriate at a charity dinner; or of the curious difficulties arising in chapels under dual control, when the chaplain asserted his rights by withholding the key of the tabernacle, and the committee theirs by withholding the key of the organ.

It should be mentioned that besides the more easily accessible sources of information Mgr. Ward has made considerable use of a diary, as yet unpublished, which Bishop Douglass kept during the years 1792—1811.

---

#### 5.—NEW LIGHTS ON THE ODYSSEY.<sup>1</sup>

It used to be said that sooner or later every reader of Homer tried his hand at translating him. In accordance with the spirit of the age it would almost seem as though, in evidence of the enduring potency of the spell which he knows how to cast, scientific methods are now to be pressed into the service of illustrating his narratives, and, to some extent, his own biography. M. Victor Bérard began by cruising up and down the Mediterranean coasts in a small yacht, examining harbours, and comparing them with the descriptions of the Odyssey and with what we know of the requirements of ancient mariners, especially the Phœnicians. As a result of his labours, continued through several years, he has produced two substantial volumes, in which he traces the wanderings of Ulysses, from Ilium to the Pillars of Hercules, and from the Syrtes to the northernmost point of Sardinia. He comes, moreover, to the conclusion that Homer himself was a practical navigator, well acquainted with the sailing-instructions of his time.

<sup>1</sup> *Phœniciens et Grecs en Italie d'après l'Odyssée; Étude géographique historique et sociale, par une méthode nouvelle.* Par Philippe Champault. Paris: Ernest Leroux, 1906.

Now follows M. Champault, who, dealing with the same problems, differs, as he tells us, almost entirely from M. Bérard, whom he declares to be far too much the slave of traditional opinion. In brief, he claims to fix the true position of Scheria, the island of the Phaeacians (which he identifies with Ischia)—to prove that the Phaeacians themselves were of mixed Phoenician and Greek race, the Phoenician being largely the predominant partner—and that every spot at which Ulysses touched is to be discovered within the seas of Italy, excepting only the Isle of Calypso, which must be sought in the Strait of Gibraltar.

Conclusions so much at variance clearly indicate the dangers which here as elsewhere beset science when she embarks upon the unstable element of hypothesis. No doubt, many of the topographical features pointed out by both our authors will prove valuable aids towards deciding the question how far Homer in his descriptions relied on observation, and how far on imagination. But that the latter faculty is a powerful factor in the commentator no less than in the poet is constantly suggested by the manner in which scenes of action and adventure are identified.

As a crucial example, we may consider the explanation of the physical features assigned to the land of the Laestrygonians, which have ever been the despair of interpreters. As the nearest thing to Homer's own description, we will begin with the version of Messrs. Butcher and Lang :

Thence [from the island of Aeolus] for the space of six days we sailed by night and day continually, and on the seventh we came to the steep stronghold of Lamos, Telepylus of the Laestrygons, where herdsman hails herdsman as he drives in his flock, and the other who drives forth answers the call. There might a sleepless man have earned a double wage, the one as neat-herd, the other shepherding white flocks: so near are the outgoings of the night and of the day. Thither when we had come to the fair haven, whereabouts on both sides goes one steep cliff unbroken, and jutting headlands over against each other stretch forth at the mouth of the harbour, and strait is the entrance; thereinto all the others steered their curved ships. Now the vessels were bound within the hollow harbour each hard by other, for no wave ever swelled within it, great or small, but there was a bright calm all around.

M. Bérard and M. Champault are here in accord as to the locality, both identifying it with Porto-Pozzo in Sardinia, thus



rejecting the explanation given by some of the mysterious clause concerning the paths of day and night, namely that Homer or some of his acquaintances had voyaged northwards far enough to see the midnight sun. But in their interpretation of the whole puzzling passage, our two authors entirely disagree.

M. Bérard thinks that by "herdsman hailing herdsman" are signified the amoebean bucolic strains, in which the pastoral inhabitants delighted, after the fashion of the shepherds of Theocritus and Virgil. By the "nearness of the paths of day and night" he understands that the common trade routes for ships going east or west approached each other in this vicinity.

M. Champault has quite another explanation which, as he claims, makes everything clear, and which he exhibits in an expanded translation thus :

Nous arrivons à la haute citadelle de Lamos, et à [la baie appelée] la Porte Profonde, sur la côte des Palombes ; à cet endroit ou [les roches figurent] deux bergers marchant l'un vers l'autre, le premier rentrant avec ses vaches, le second sortant à son appel avec des brebis ; certes un homme attentif gagnerait sans peine leurs deux salaires, car les chemins qu'ils suivent, l'un vers l'ouest, l'autre vers le levant, sont tout voisins [et vont confondre les deux troupeaux] Nous voici dans un port symétriquement encadré à droite et à gauche de masses rocheuses.

Thus understood, continues our author "le récit débute d'une façon simple et naturelle." For our own part we should not despair of seeing it proved by a like exercise of ingenuity that the harbour in question was evidently the Port of London.

---

#### 6.—LEX LEVITARUM.<sup>1</sup>

Of the many precious works of St. Gregory the Great, the *Regula Pastoralis* was the best known of all. It was originally composed just after his accession to the Pontificate, and in reply to the reproaches addressed to him by Bishop John of Ravenna, who blamed him for the steps he had taken to escape being elected. It was a magnificent reply, setting forth in his own

<sup>1</sup> *Lex Levitarum* ; or, *preparation for the cure of souls*. By the Right Rev. John Cuthbert Hedley, O.S.B., Bishop of Newport. With the *Regula Pastoralis* of St. Gregory the Great. London : Art and Book Company.

direct and vivid style his conception of the Pastor's office, its responsibilities and its dangers, and pleading, in his own spirit of deep humility, his reluctance to accept a burden for which he felt himself unequal. No sooner was it written and sent out than it began to be estimated at its right value. It was eagerly sought for, and copies of it were spread all over Western Christendom. And as time went on it became the type according to which the Bishops everywhere sought to train their clergy. In Councils it was placed side by side with the Holy Scripture and the Sacred Canons, "that the Pastors of the Church might understand how they ought to live, and how they should admonish their flocks;" and Hincmar of Rheims tells us in the ninth century that it was then customary for Bishops at their consecration to take the Sacred Canon and the *Regula Pastoralis* in their hands and swear at the foot of the altar to live, teach, and judge according to its prescriptions. To England it was brought by St. Augustine himself, and thus introduced exercised the same formative influence on clerical training as on the Continent. And King Alfred made an English translation of it with the intention of sending a copy to each of his Bishops.

That a book with such a record of apostolic results should be known, loved, and studied by our modern English clergy is obviously and eminently desirable, and they will be thankful to the Bishop of Newport for giving them so handy and tasteful an edition of it as the Art and Book Company have now brought out. Whatever hopes we may cherish of genuine Catholic progress in the country must rest mainly on the degree in which we clergy can succeed in conforming our lives to a high standard of priestly perfection; and one has only to read the *Regula Pastoralis* to feel that its wise words, its grave yet sweet counsels, are as applicable to the clergy of our own times—as "topical" if the term may be permitted in this connection—as they were found in former ages. And if that is so, might it not be found well not only to read it more than we do, but to make it sometimes the text-book of our prayers and meditations?

Still, if in addressing itself to what should be fundamental and substantive in priestly conduct it has attained the praise of being ever new as well as ever ancient, it can be usefully supplemented by some counsels of detail directed to the special needs and circumstances of the present age; and it is this which

the Bishop of Newport has aimed at in the first half of his *Lex Levitarum*. Two fine sermons of the Bishop's, one preached at the Westminster Cathedral at the thirteenth centenary celebration of St. Gregory's death, the other preached at Downside in commemoration of the thirteenth centenary of his consecration, form a suitable introduction to lay before the reader a general view of St. Gregory's personality and work. Then follow eleven chapters of comment on particular points, such as Vocation, Purity of Soul, Sympathy with Souls, Principles of Study, Science and Priestly Life—chapters of which, as the Preface informs us, the substance was originally given in the form of Conferences to the students of philosophy and divinity at Ushaw College. To recommend anything which comes from the Bishop of Newport would be superfluous, but we may express a feeling that our young Church students, not to say our clergy of all ages, could not well find a more useful and discerning exposition of the sound spiritual and intellectual principles which should govern their lives and ministry.

It is said to be a mark of a good book if it contains some passages worthy to find place in an Anthology. *Lex Levitarum* is full of such passages. Let the following stand as a specimen.

It is most melancholy to read the sermons, lectures, leading-articles, letters and books of the non-Catholics who, in vast numbers, undertake at the present day to teach what is called religion. Nearly every man has a different view of the meaning of theological terms. One will lean to Agnosticism because he has not fathomed the meaning of the word Infinite. Another will talk about the "limited and blood-thirsty" God of the Hebrews, because he has never studied the theory of analogy and analogical expression. A third will confuse physical evil with moral. A fourth will pronounce the Real Presence impossible because he has in his head no rational theory of physical substance. Some of these have studied logic—but not all of them, by any means. Examples of every kind of sophism exposed in the manuals can be found in popular non-Catholic religious writers. For example, the argument *a sensu composito ad sensum divisum*—as "no sinner can please God;" the *post hoc ergo propter hoc*; the one-horse induction; the fallacy of analogy; the assumed first principles; the ignoring of the other side; the rhetorical mixing up of truth and falsehood so as to confuse; and the use of strong and violent assertions in place of proof. I will not say that this altogether arises from a defective course of logic; but it may be truly asserted that an uncultured mind is much more apt to indulge in unfair argument than one that has been taught to scrutinize and appreciate its own operations.

7.—MODERN CRITICISM OF EURIPIDES.<sup>1</sup>

Antiquity classed Euripides as a tragedian of equal merit with Aeschylus and Sophocles. Schlegel, on the contrary, styled him a mere "bungler," and so started a school of very hostile criticism. The discrepancy of the two opinions lies in the fact that of the plays preserved to us not a few are poor and faulty, if not actually bad. A too close attention to these weaker productions could not but result in such a hostile attitude. However, the phase has more or less died away now, and the tendency of modern critics is to think more of his masterpieces, and in consequence to admit his claim to the high praise of Antiquity—praise which his less worthy efforts avail not to diminish. After all Euripides was the "last product of a worn-out Muse," and if his genius shows signs now and then of her fatigue, we need not be surprised.

Whether it be as a natural reaction from unjust criticism or to prevent its reappearance, Dr. Verrall, in the book before us, has applied his wonderful ingenuity and his unique gift for starting new and strange hypotheses, to set in a novel light three of these imperfect plays and one other play—*Orestes*—whose claims to high excellence are in general admitted. No one would complain of any critic—much less a critic of Dr. Verrall's powers—literally ransacking a play to explain away difficulties by evidence drawn from the play itself. We rejoice to see many years devoted to the minute and careful study and analysis of such plays, but there is a pitfall ever in the way of this long-continued application, a temptation to see and even to want to see more than is really there. We think Dr. Verrall does not always or even often resist the temptation or keep clear of the trap. His contexts groan under the excess of meaning with which he would weight them. We have not space to set down many instances, but there is a point discussed on page 22 to which we would call special attention, and which will serve in addition to illustrate our remark.

In the "Argument" to the *Andromache*—the play which is the subject of the first essay and whose difficulties Dr. Verrall would to some extent solve by assuming it to be a sequel—

<sup>1</sup> *Essays on four Plays of Euripides: Andromache, Helen, Heracles, Orestes.* By A. W. Verrall, Litt.D., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1905.

occurs the phrase, τὸ δὲ δρᾶμα τῶν δευτέρων. As Dr. Verrall says, this has been taken to signify that the *Andromache* is a second-rate play. We believe it is and that this phrase means so. Dr. Verrall would have it mean: "This play is a second play, a sequel." Now this kind of remark is not uncommon in "Arguments;" we may instance, τὸ δὲ δρᾶμα τῶν θαυμαστῶν, or τῶν καλλίστων, or τῶν πρώτων. The reference is always to the quality of the play. On Dr. Verrall's analogy the latter phrase ought to mean the play (the *Hippolytus* is in question), is the first part of a double or triple play. The *Hippolytus* is admittedly no such thing. Such new interpretations are not difficult to make, neither are they easy to prove.

On the whole, the book is written in an exceedingly fresh and interesting style; it is instructive and suggestive in many places; in as many, we think, it is exaggerated and a little misleading. Lovers of Euripides will gain more than they lose in reading it.

---

#### 8.—AN ALPHABET OF SAINTS.<sup>1</sup>

A nursery book of Saints is a refreshing novelty which should be welcome in Catholic homes,—the idea being frankly and fearlessly carried out, as the names of the authors might sufficiently assure us. The six and twenty Saints selected to represent the letters of the alphabet are described in verses which well sustain the artless character which is required in such literature, and portrayed in a manner easily understood by little people. We sincerely trust that the excellent aim may be attained which is expressed in the *envoi*.

Make Friends with the Saints for Saints are God's Friends,  
Is the Moral with which the Saints' Alphabet Ends.

It is of course an inevitable drawback that a list selected only on alphabetical principles cannot be really representative, and that between different portions there should be a notable lack of proportion. Thus, for example, since St. Philip is chosen to represent the letter P.—St. Peter, St. Paul, and St. Patrick,—to name no other, must perforce stand out; and

<sup>1</sup> *An Alphabet of Saints*. Rhymed by Father Robert Hugh Benson, Reginald Balfour, S. C. Ritchie: Drawn by L. D. Symington. London: Burns and Oates, 1906. 1s. nett.

again neither John, James, nor Joseph finds a place, the letter J, being assigned to St. Jerome, possibly as having the distinct pictorial advantage of being accompanied by his lion. On the other hand, St. Quentin, St. Xystus, St. Yves, and St. Zita, must needs be chosen, there being no possible substitutes, or practically none, and this precludes the hope that subsequent Alphabets might to some extent repair deficiencies, for the letters which have no Saints to claim them will block the way. This is most unfortunate, for a child proud of having mastered its A.B.C. is always powerfully attracted by knowledge which claims close connection with such an achievement, and we all know how enduring are first impressions, in literature as elsewhere. Cannot the ingenuity of our gifted authors devise some means of circumventing this difficulty, and so assure us more Christmas books of the same character in coming seasons?

---

9.—SPIRITUAL DIFFICULTIES IN THE BIBLE AND PRAYER-BOOK.<sup>1</sup>

Dean Luckock adds another to the series of useful little books which have come from his pen. It is a short study of some points in Scripture and the Anglican Prayer-book, which are an abiding source of difficulty to those who venerate both, and use them regularly as the vehicles of their religious devotions. A few instances will best give an idea of the class of difficulties the author has in view. Thus, he has chapters on the nature and ministry of the Angels, on the treachery of Jael, on the Imprecatory Psalms, the Lost Piece of Money, the nature of the Sacraments, St. Paul's Thorn in the flesh, the damnatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed, the Anglican Communion Service, the State of the Faithful after death. In three of these chapters the author shows how three Catholic doctrines, contrary to what is commonly imagined, are unmistakably taught or suggested in Scripture. In the other cases, the difficulties considered are such as may perplex Catholics as well as others, and they will find the Dean's efforts at solution helpful. If he does not always appear to us successful, that is

<sup>1</sup> *Spiritual Difficulties in the Bible and Prayer-book*, with helps to their solution. By H. Mortimer Luckock, D.D., Dean of Lichfield. London: Longmans, Green, and Co.

not wonderful, seeing the difficulty of the subject ; but he has always something to say which is worthy of consideration, even when not entirely satisfying, and that is the extent of what he aims at, as his Préface forewarns us.

One or two criticisms we may make by way of contribution to the discussion. As regards the Athanasian Creed and its "damnatory clauses," the Dean is obviously right in claiming that the future "whosoever will be saved" is not to be taken as an affirmation that those who have once disbelieved in this Creed have placed themselves outside the reach of salvation, even if later on they should repent and believe ; he sees, too, that the clause is not meant to strike those whose disbelief is free from blame because attributable to insufficient instruction or conviction. But one misses here an indication that the fundamental error against which these clauses are directed is the error of those who contend that Christ's teaching, even when known to be such, imposes no obligation on the human conscience. The reciter of the Creed, it should be remembered, is not invited to make any affirmation about the spiritual state of others, but to declare that *for himself* he must either believe the doctrine of the Creed, or commit a grievous sin against faith. The imprecatory Psalms will probably always remain a puzzle, and, as the Dean reminds us, there is this difference between the Psalms and the other parts of Scripture, that in the Psalms we are invited to make each affirmation our own, inasmuch as their recitation is part of our devotion. Perhaps, indeed, to this last contention it may be replied that we are not bound when we recite them to mean exactly what the Psalmist meant. We may take the words in a meaning suitable to ourselves. As regards the meaning of the Psalmist, we should like to adopt the solution, suggested originally by Mendelsohn, which Dean Luckock thinks tenable, namely, that the imprecatory clauses, at all events in Psalm cix. (*al.* cviii.) and lxix. (*al.* lxviii.), are to be taken as not said by the Psalmist himself, but by his wicked adversary ; but it is not so easy to make this hypothesis fit in with the construction of these two Psalms. The Dean takes St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" to be ophthalmia, which made his presence revolting to his hearers. That was Bishop Lightfoot's theory, and perhaps it is the truth. Certainly the theory that it lay in a liability to have lustful temptations is intolerable, and without justification in the text. But though the Dean makes no mention of it, the most probable



theory, as it appears to us, is that the "thorn" was the dead set made on the Apostle by the Judaizers, who pursued him everywhere, and tried to injure his ministry by destroying his credit. The context before and after is all about this—cf. particularly verses 13, 14, 30, of 2 Cor. xi., and verses 5, 9, 10, of 2 Cor. xii.

---

10.—JOHN BUNYAN.<sup>1</sup>

The latest volume in the Cambridge University Press's series of "faithful reproductions of the original text of Classical English Writers," gives John Bunyan's *Mr. Badman* and *The Holy War*. However much one may differ from Bunyan's religious opinions, his unique power of allegorical composition and the fascination of his style are undeniable. *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman* illustrates the latter of these qualities, and *The Holy War* illustrates both. Naturally they are neither of them much read by Catholics, and the initiated can see how the Lutheran doctrine of Justification by Faith pervades them. Still there is little or nothing in them which is obtrusively unorthodox, and to those of us who were brought up in Protestantism the sight of this delightful reproduction calls up memories of the few pleasant hours which a rigid Sabbatarianism permitted on the Day of Rest. *Mr. Badman* was indeed less known, but *The Holy War*, even more than *The Pilgrim's Progress* itself, was, is, and will always be, a most attractive book to youthful readers.

---

11.—PRYINGS AMONG PRIVATE PAPERS.<sup>2</sup>

Everyone knows the felicity in book-making of the author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*, and we do not exaggerate in saying that for humour and originality the volume under review is but very little inferior to many of his best-known works. It is delightfully slight in conception. "Odds and ends of gossip," from which are "carefully" excluded "everything biographical,

<sup>1</sup> *Cambridge English Classics. John Bunyan: Life and Death of Mr. Badman, and The Holy War.* The text edited by John Brown, D.D. Cambridge University Press.

<sup>2</sup> *Pryings among Private Papers, chiefly of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.* By the author of *A Life of Sir Kenelm Digby*. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1905.

historical, political, instructive." The collection is culled from the greatest of all modern collections of memoirs, the publications of the *Royal Historical Manuscripts Commission*. A few brief, sparkling words from the collector, introduce each extract. Births, Boys, Sons, Marriages, Courts [a capital description of a coronation here], Foods—are the first six headings. A book one can begin anywhere, and read everywhere.

The least happy part of the production is the arrangement of the type. The divisions between title, introduction, and text do not readily suggest themselves.

---

12.—STUDIES FROM COURT AND CLOISTER.<sup>1</sup>

The thirteen essays contained in this volume were originally written for various magazines ; but they have, as their principle of cohesion, a common connection with "the history of religion in Europe at the close of the Middle Ages, its decline, revival, and the causes which led to both." The first Part, consisting of seven essays, deals with some of the persons who had a share in the making of the history ; while Part II. treats more especially of the books and manuscripts connected with it.

All the essays are carefully compiled and full of information. We know not which to select as likely to be most relished by the general reader, for whom, of course, they are all composed. But in our judgment, *The Catholic Reformation in Germany*, *Jesuits at Court*, *Charles the First and the Popish Plot*, and *The Runic Crosses of Northumbria*, will be the most welcome and satisfactory to English Catholics ; but others besides Catholics will be charmed with the revelation of the "refinement" of the Middle Ages, contained in the last three papers—*The Spoils of the Monasteries*, *The Royal Library*, and *The Harleian Collection of Manuscripts*.

We cordially recommend the volume to the notice of our readers.

<sup>1</sup> *Studies from Court and Cloister.* By J. M. Stone. Edinburgh : Sands and Co. 1905. 379 pp. Price 12s. 6d. net.

## *Literary Record.*

---

### I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

Messrs. Burns and Oates issue as a Christmas book for the little folk—Father Faber's *The Child to Whom Nobody was Kind*—one of his *Tales of the Angels*, fairy tales with angels instead of fairies. The story is illustrated by Mr. L. D. Symington, and somewhat curtailed to reduce it within manageable compass.

An English translation of Canon Webber's *Holy Gospels*, or *Four Gospels Harmonized*, is published by the *Catholic Association for the Diffusion of the Holy Gospel* (20, Rue Mautrote, Verdun), and reaches us in two forms, one containing the Four Gospels only, but with Appendices on Christian Doctrine and on a mode of hearing Mass, the other without these Appendices, but with the text of the Acts of the Apostles, and a Supplement of short chapters on the historical context. Each edition contains some useful maps, and one or two disproportionately large vignettes of our Lord, our Blessed Lady, and others, which are certainly not artistic. The price is not mentioned, but the book is evidently very cheap, and is intended for popular use. From the Preface it appears that in less than five years two hundred thousand copies of the French edition have been sold, a fact which is worthy of notice, inasmuch as we are often told that our endeavour in this country to spread copies of Holy Scripture is due only to the pressure of Protestantism. The fact is that Catholics show a distaste for reading what they cannot understand, and for the poor, indeed, for all whose education has not reached a high standard, the meaning of the Bible is hard to follow. Still, Bible-reading is altogether to be recommended, and now when books of simple explanation are multiplying it is consoling to find how our people respond, not only in England, as we are well aware they do, but on the

Continent. Canon Webber's notes resemble very much in character those of the Catholic Truth Society's, being not too long, and explaining what is necessary to catch the sense of the passage.

*Christ and the Preacher* (Herder, St. Louis), is a volume of sermons for the Sundays of the year, by the Rev. D. S. Phelan, already known as the author of *The Gospel applied to our times*. Here also his endeavour is obviously to illustrate the mode in which the teaching of the Sunday Gospels can be applied to our times. Collections of sermons for the Sundays of the year are always welcomed by the young clergy who want some stimulus for their thoughts, and they will find in Father Phelan one who can put his points freshly and incisively. Still he is apt to be carried away into extravagances which he would find it hard to square with the facts. Thus in an excellent sermon on the services rendered to the world by the priesthood, Father Phelan asks confidently, just as if it were a case of a universally admitted fact: "Who are the great nations to-day? You need but to look around. They are the peoples who work with their clergy; who are united hand and heart with their clergy. England flung away her clergy and made them homeless: England is on the down-grade now. Germany cast aside her clergy four hundred years ago. Poor Germany to-day is, I fear, nearing her end. There were a few countries unfortunate in the great international shuffle four hundred years ago. But they remained faithful to the Church: they maintained their clergy; and they are strong nationalities to-day. Take Poland: take Ireland." The sermon on Socialism has likewise some statements adverse to the Socialists and their intentions which lose their force by the unfairness of their exaggerated charges.

*L'Antéchrist* (Emmanuel Vitte, Lyon: 3 Place Bellecour), is a short inquiry by the Abbé Lémain into the nature of the Antichrist predicted by St. Paul (Thes. ii. 1—3), and the time of his coming. It is a question which in past days engaged the attention of devout persons, but the course of the ages is strewn with the *disjecta membra* of their theories, and now-a-days the subject has passed out of favour. We are content to wait for the fulfilment, in the hopes of understanding it when it comes. Still, if there are any whom the idea still fascinates they may like to know of the Abbé Lémain's brochure, in which he distinguishes between things certain, things probable, things uncertain, and things fantastical.

Overlooking the valley of the Derwent, near Hathersage, is a little building now used as a barn, the Gothic style of which cannot but strike the eye of an attentive observer, and make him ask about its antecedents. It is the remains of Padley Manor, which belonged in the reign of Queen Elizabeth to the Fitzherberts. It was associated during that reign with a fearful tragedy of persecution. Sir Thomas Fitzherbert, the then owner, had a nephew whom he intended to make his heir. But this heir, also named Thomas, got in league with the infamous Topcliff, and betrayed both his uncle and his father and many of his family to persecution and ruin, whilst he also brought two priests, Fathers Garlick and Ludlam, who were found concealed in Padley chapel, to the gallows and the crown of martyrdom. Father Hayward, the parish priest of Derwent, has written an account of this pathetic history of Catholic heroism, which may be had from Messrs. Bemrose and Son, Derby.

*La Pratique de l'Oraison Mentale* (Paris: Beauchesne and Co.), is by Père de Mammigny, S.J. It is a book of clear, simple explanations on prayer and meditation according to the method of St. Ignatius.

*Elizabeth Seton* (New York: D. and T. Sadlier and Co.) is a Life, by Miss Agnes Sadlier, of the Foundress of the American Sisters of Charity, and gives an insight into the conditions of American Catholicism in the first quarter of the last century, and the brave struggle through which its leaders then laid the foundations of the present religious prosperity. *The Transplanting of Tessie*, by Miss Mary Waggaman, *Out of Bondage*, by Martin Holt, and the *Race for Copper Island*, by F. H. Spalding, S.J., are three stories published by Messrs. Benziger, of which the first illustrates the influence which a child's simplicity and goodness may exercise over adults, the second is the story of a misadventure of justice, and the third is a tale of Indians and Jesuit missionaries in the days following on the Iroquois War.

*Magic Casements*, by Arthur Shearly Cripps (Duckworth and Co.), is a collection of short stories, the scenes of which are laid in this country in the days of the Wars of the Roses. They are by one who knows how to write, and who can aim at finding out what was good in those far off times, and sympathizing with it. Still, there are many pitfalls for a writer addressing himself to so hard a theme, and the tale of the

"Bowed Head" suggests that he might profitably study Father Bridgett's *Rood of Boxley* in the C.T.S. Historical Papers.

*The Boyhood and Manhood of Jesus* (Messrs. Washbourne) is a series of Religious Pictures for the use of children with a slight accompanying letterpress. One would like to commend the art of what comes from an English Catholic firm, but in this instance, how can we?

## II.—MAGAZINES.

*Some contents of foreign Periodicals :*

STIMMEN AUS MARIA LAACH. (November 28.)

Paul Bourget's "Un Divorce." *A. Baumgartner*. Truth in Religious Art. *S. Beissel*. Imagination and the Vegetative Processes. *J. Bessmer*. A Seventeenth Century Goldsmith's Workshop at Cologne. *J. Braun*. Countess Hahn Hahn and her Writings. *A. Stockmann*. Reviews, &c.

ANNALES DE LA PHILOSOPHIE CHRÉTIENNE. (December.)

Our attitude towards "Pragmatism." *G. Tyrrell*. Biblical Criticism in Origen. *J. Martin*. The Religious Psychology of Cardinal Newman. *H. Brémond*. Letters and Reviews.

LA CIVILTÀ CATTOLICA. (December 2 and 16.)

The History of the Dogma of the Immaculate Conception under Benedict XIV. The German Concordat and Pius VII.'s Journey to Paris. Our Four Gospels. The Cultus of St. Expeditus. Homeric Studies. Genius and Degeneration. The Ritual of the Mass. Reviews, &c.

DER KATHOLIK. (November.)

The Documents regarding the Immaculate Conception Definition. *A. Bellesheim*. The Introduction of the Mysteries of the Rosary. *T. Esser*. The Saints of Old Livonia. Recent Research as to the Origin of Monasticism. *H. Plenkers*. The Christmas Carols of the Tyrol. *E. K. Blümmel*. Reviews, &c.

## REVUE AUGUSTINIENNE. (November 15.)

The Prophetic Spirit. *S. Protin*. The Fathers of the Church in Literary History. *E. Bouvy*. The Don Quixote of the Pulpit. Father de Isla and his Fray Gerundio. *A. Fitz*. Reviews, &c.

## ÉTUDES. (December 5.)

Origen and his School. *F. Prat*. French Catholics and the Common Law. *G. Sortais*. The Literature of Belgium. *J. Boubée*. On the Creation of a Library for Religious and Social Studies. *J. Prôlet*. Reviews, &c.

## RAZON Y FE. (December.)

A Form of Feminism we can Approve. *J. Alarcón*. Questions of Apologetic. *M. Fernandez*. The Law and the Anarchist Propaganda. *V. Minteguiaga*. Echoes of the Immaculate Conception Jubilee. *M. de Arcos*. Lainez and Borgia. *F. Cervos*. The Oxford Conference on Solar Observation and Research. *R. Cirera*. Reviews, &c.

## L'UNIVERSITÉ CATHOLIQUE.

The Crypt of St. Nizier at Lyons. *J. C.* Neutrality and the Schools. *F. Lavallée*. Asceticism in Plato. *P. Gounet*. Princess Wilhelmina of Prussia. *M.M.* Three Novels, by MM. Baumann, de Wiart, and Nesmy. *Abbe Delfour*. Reviews, &c.



